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A PHIDIAN HORSE
ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY
ON THE ACROPOLIS

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WITH SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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FROM THE FRENCH OF

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ

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~

TRANSLATED BY

ELIZABETH HILL BISSELL ROBERTS

1893

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A. J. MILLIETTE PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.

CAMDEN, N. J.

ERRATA.

Page 21, for l'aime read J'aime.

“ “ for quil read qu' il,

“ “ for compasse read compassé.

Page 24, Insert freely at beginning of bottom line.

Page 80, for marchal read marshal.

Page 283, for cafedje read cafedji

TO COUNT GIBELLINI TORNIELLI :

You allow me, my friend, to inscribe your name on the first page of my book—Would that my newborn effort were more worthy of its sponsor—What reply will you make when asked why you allowed this privilege. I foresee that you can find none better than the claim given by the close friendship between us—that reason is good and sufficient, and for my part I am content. I can truly say that however often you give it—I shall never deny it.

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

PARIS, January 13, 1892.

TO M. LIAFORGUE :

Dear Sir :—Will you kindly put the conscience of Mrs. Roberts quite at ease—I shall be very glad to have her do whatever is agreeable to her with my *Cheval de Phidias*—and I believe myself able also to assure her of the consent of the editor—this book having appeared more than thirty years ago. It has been translated into German, and a professor of the University of Stettin has published a French edition, with notes and comments in German, for the use of students.

Receive, Sir, I beg of you, the assurance of my distinguished respect and consideration.

V. CHERBULIEZ.

PREFACE.

In publishing this English edition of *Un Cheval de Phidias* I must record my gratitude to my friend—Miss Emily Sartain—who in urging me to utilize my hours of leisure in making this translation inspired me to a work which has proved in no sense a task—but rather a continued pleasure.

To M. Laforgue and his gifted mother I am also greatly indebted for obtaining the consent of M. Cherbuliez to an English rendition of one of his earliest works.

Brightfield,

Riverton, N. J.

October 5, 1893.



A PHIDIAN HORSE.

CHAPTER I.

He had but lately returned from Athens, and it was a great pleasure to hear him talk about his journey.

One evening which I recall especially, we were taking tea with him, when the conversation turned upon the Modern Greeks. He entertained us at length with their qualities, their virtues, their defects, and their obstinate dream of a new Byzantine Empire, of which neither diplomatic notes nor the teachings of history can cure them. "Observe," said he, "that by a strange contradiction the love of these Greeks for Byzantium did not wean them from the fêtes of Miltiades and Thrasybulus. Do not question for a moment that they are descended in a direct line from the heroes of Marathon, or you will find yourself in a bad scrape, for I can assure you they do not understand raillery

on this point. I venture to say that some even believe that they themselves fought at Salamis in their own persons; others again flatter themselves that they shared the fortunes of the day at Platea; and probably, with a little trouble, the glorious unknown who with his own hand slew Mardonius might be discovered somewhere in the Peloponnesus."

"I know," one of us said to him, "a country, not Greece, in which, every year at the national festivals a half dozen provincial orators strive for the glory of slaying a certain Gessler of whom perhaps you have heard, by the revengeful shafts of their eloquence."

"Quite right," he replied, "but the Athenians are inconsistent in assuming the responsibility of the exploits of republican Greece, and undertaking at the same time to celebrate the merits of those Byzantine Emperors under whose tutelary sceptre, as you know, religion, arts, civilization and liberty flourished; for to-day they are rehabilitating the Lower Empire, while awaiting the opportunity to build it up anew. England chafes at these Grecian day-dreams; Russia

laughs at them, assured that she has nothing to lose; as for us other philhellenics, we too have an occasional scruple because of the odd fancy of modern Greeks in thus associating in the same cult, Miltiades and Constantine Porphyrogenitus,* Epaminondas and Michael the Drunkard, the green †coachmen and the Conquerors of Olympia, the Oracle of Delphi and the Convents of Mt. Athos,‡ or—in a word—Plato and the Panagia.§

“But,” he added, “after all, the greatest originals that I saw at Athens were not Athenians. Perhaps you yourself recall that Spanish Abbot who passed through Geneva some ten years ago, on his way from

*Constantine 7th, Porphyrogenitus, author and patron of literature, “born in the purple,” in the porphyry chamber, caused a whole series of books to be written, treating of the administration of the Empire, the ceremonies of the Court, War and Jurisprudence; a Cyclopedia of history and politics, of agricultural science, of the veterinary art, and of medicine; an epitome of Aristotle’s Work on Animals, and a collection of Greek epigrams, and the histories of the Saints.

†In the sports of the Ancient Hippodrome, chariots whose coachmen were dressed in green contested for prizes with those whose livery was blue. Montesquieu, *Rom.* 20.

‡The sanctuary of the Greek race, which is in a great degree the sanctuary and refuge of the whole Eastern Church, is Athos, “the Holy Mountain.”—*Stanley’s Eastern Church.*

§The Holy Virgin of the Greek Church.

Italy to France. He was a grave and taciturn personage, from whom we could get nothing beyond a few short sentences briefly and sententiously uttered. I see him now with his half wild and half timid air, his stiff bearing, awkward manners, a curious mixture of humility and pride, his large flashing eyes shooting forth such terrible glances, that with one voice we declared his countenance at once that of a bigot and a Grand Inquisitor.

“I have been led lately to modify those opinions,” said he, “but—be that as it may—impelled by his restless humor this morose and eccentric Abbot wandered long through various countries, rummaging in museums and libraries, refusing to associate with a living soul, until he arrived at Paris where his good star led him into the presence of the Marchioness of F——, who succeeded in capturing and holding him bound as her private almoner.

“I was scarcely three days in Athens when, to my great surprise, I found myself face to face with the Abbot at a crossing in the street of Hermes. He

recognized me—then for a moment tried to avoid me but reconsidering—came forward, and saluted me with studied politeness and ceremony, and after having told me in two words about the change which had been made in his life, and about his recent voyage to the South in the retinue of the Marchioness, he offered to present me to her. Coming from him, this astonished me, and made me think that his manners were being humanized by his new associations.”

“I believe it from my heart,” I said, “but what have we to do with the Marchioness and her Abbot? The Acropolis, the Parthenon, Phidias, are the ordinary conversation of travelers returning from Athens, and when I came here it was about marbles and columns that I expected to hear.” “Never mind,” said he, “I take you at your word. Truly my generosity prompted me to spare you, but in your present mood it would be folly to do so. Since hearing about the marbles pleases you how would you like me to repeat—one after the other—four grand discourses that I myself heard in honor of one of the innumerable

horses with which Phidias decorated the frieze of the Parthenon? Four discourses! think well. I myself was able to endure the ordeal; I am robust; but you, sickly and delicate, it would be too much for you; I will excuse you; besides, it is a long time since I heard them; in fact, I have almost forgotten them."

Borrowing the words of Phœdrus, I replied (if I do not know Socrates, I do not know myself): "Socrates might be dying to speak, but he loved to be coaxed."

He began to laugh. "At your risk and peril," said he. "But in the words of the poet--*ab Jove principium*—and to go back to the first cause of that adventure, you must return with me to the Marchioness, that beautiful widow whose merit and wisdom the Abbot had vaunted. Having presented myself at her house the morning following my encounter with the Abbot, I was introduced into a grand salon—which presented a strange appearance. Tables, étagères, arm-chairs, all were over-laden with books of all sizes, piles of old papers, cards, engravings, and portfolios filled with drawings after the antique, in outline, in pen and

ink, in India ink wash, and cartoons in red chalk. In the middle of this disordered room, before a little table sat the Marchioness, drawing some Ionic capitals from memory; by her side was a youth of twenty, working at a picture on an easel. In a corner, perched on a velvet stool, a little man, his head buried in his shoulders, with a crooked nose and knowing air, was reading aloud from a large German book, in which the quintessence of art, the absolute, and a thousand other subjects—not understood by honest people—were treated. Behind him the Abbot was seated on the edge of a chair, his body stiff, his hands spread out on his knees after the fashion of an Egyptian divinity. On the other side of the room—in the recess of a window, and half hid by a curtain, a short fat man, whose jovial humor appeared in his face, balanced himself carelessly in a rocking chair—holding in his hand a little volume, which he read apparently in secret; for, on seeing me enter, he hastened to hide it under one of the lapels of his coat. Lastly, at the end of this vast room, a personage of tall stature, with hair growing gray, deep in an

easy chair, was sleeping peacefully--whilst at his feet a pretty lap-dog chewed with his sharp teeth an engraving which had fallen upon the floor.

“As soon as I appeared, the Abbot rose and presented me to the Marchioness with formal gravity, introducing me as an accomplished archæologist, a distinguished connoisseur in the fine arts. What do I know? It was a worthy sight to behold this crafty Abbot bestowing fulsome eulogies on me—which suited me about as well as a crown of roses would the head of an ass.”

“An ass!” interrupted I; “your humility is excessive; every one knows that you are a learned man.”

He replied: “I suppose it is hardly worth while to contradict you. I am a Bachelor of Arts I admit: I possess my Lhomond, and the Garden of Greek Roots; I am somewhat of a reader; I indulge my taste for the poets when I am at leisure; I love the fine arts; in truth I enjoy everything as it comes. The first time I mounted to the Acropolis, I stood dazed, confounded, recognizing—in what met my gaze a perfection that had never

been equalled—and that the boldest imagination could not picture. But to analyze my pleasure, to reason out cause and effect was beyond me ; and yet your experts in archæology, your masters, do this every day of their lives, or say they do !

“ Then, what do you suppose happened ? When the Abbot had finished complimenting me, the Marchioness (no fear that I shall ever forget it), after a slight recognition said to me abruptly—and without preface :

“ ‘ At what period do you think, sir, that entrelacs and twisted work at the base of the Ionic column, and the termination of the shaft by a collar were first introduced ? ’

“ I sat gaping ; my face must have been very amusing, for when the Marchioness saw my expression she shouted with laughter like a young girl. Then turning toward the sleeper : ‘ My lord, my dear uncle, wake up,’ she said, ‘ here is a visitor who will do you good.’ Then she began again to sketch her scrolls, and ram’s horns, her ovals, her palm-leaves, her friezes, her

intertwinings, and her collars, without taking any further notice of me. The little man with the knowing countenance resumed his reading again where he had left off, whilst your servant, utterly confounded, not knowing what to think of this singular reception, grumbled inwardly at the Abbot, who had returned peacefully to his place and to his posture, *a la* Goddess Patcht.*

“Happily, Lord A.—on my entrance, had trembled with joy, as a spider who feels a fly entangle itself in the web, and he bounced on the prey which Providence had sent to him. He seated me near himself, and began to entertain me in a low voice. When it happens that the English are genial and affable, they are not so by halves—so that at the end of a quarter of an hour we were good friends, my lord and I. If I am not up in entrelacs, I have—by way of compensation—as I am often told, a face which begets confidence, and my lord, happy to find some one to whom he could reveal his little troubles, explained to me, with a radiant air, that he was the most unhappy man in the

* The goddess of the Egyptian household.

world. 'In the midst of these five persons whom you see here,' said he, 'I am more isolated than Robinson Crusoe on his island. For what business, what exchange of words can a reasonable man have with these hare-brains, whose chimeras have not even the merit of being amusing. Including that lap-dog, there is no one here whose head is not a little turned. My beautiful niece always had a marked leaning to enthusiasm; it was only too evident during our sojourn in Italy, where Raphael and Titian made terrible ravages on her heart. But once arrived in Athens—it is quite another thing. The attraction here is Phidias, and that other (Ictinus), who built the Parthenon. The antique! the antique! is the theme of all conversation; out of the antique—no salvation! Everyone discusses the antique until out of breath; they reason falsely, they enthuse to such an extent, that I have seen the Marchioness kiss on the two eyes a great ugly marble owl, which is on the Acropolis, as she would kiss an *agnus* or scapulary at her devotions; and in chance moments, when bas-reliefs, friezes and

columns are forgotten for a brief moment, they study Greek Grammar, they read Plato at the Academy, Demosthenes at the Pnyx, and—in a word—here am I threatened with being confined forever in this wicked little city, where I am drying up with ennui. My dear sir, rest assured that it is the greatest misfortune in the world to be the chaperon of a charming woman whose head is cracked. Perhaps you will say --what keeps you from leaving her here with her owls and her capitals? What hinders you from going back to eat plum pudding in London?

“ ‘ Well, my friend, that is what I say twenty times a day, and twenty times a day I reply to myself—
 “ My lord, you are weak enough to love your niece so dearly that you could not endure to be absent one day from her.” ’ ”

“ At this moment the reader made a pause—and, as my lord had insensibly raised his voice the Marchioness heard these last words, and cried, turning her head again :

“ ‘ My dear uncle—it is not enough to say that you adore me ; you should add that I am a habit of thirty

years to you—and I defy you to renounce me in less time.’ ”

Then, motioning to the little man :

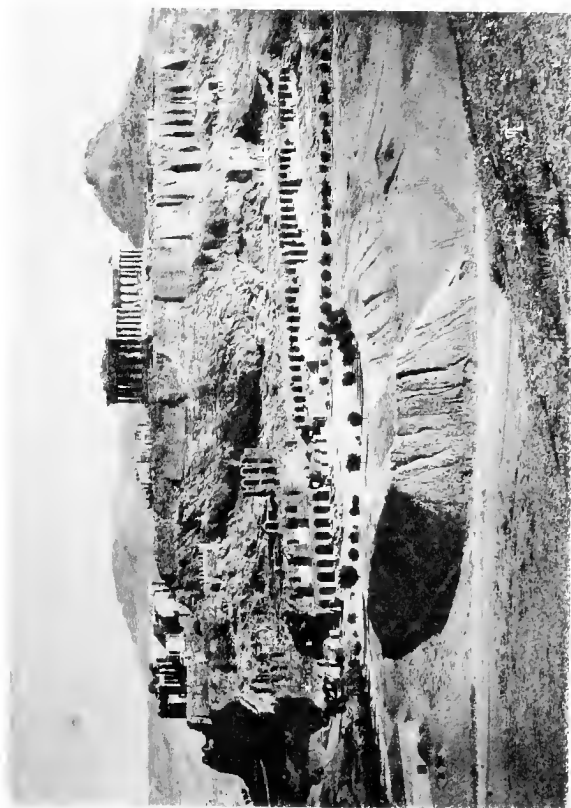
“ ‘ M. Chevalier, go on with your reading ; my lord has taken it upon himself to celebrate my merits and I wish to give him time to finish my panegyric.’ ”

“ ‘ See what the passion for the antique can do,’ said Lord A, drawing near to me. ‘ The Marchioness has added two years to her life since she has been here. You will certainly say now that the study of Plato profits a woman very little ! But with all her cleverness this Plato would have disappointed her for her trouble if she had not found here two kinds of hierophant especially fitted to entertain her in her folly. The Chevalier is a rustic Polish nobleman, attached to the Russian legation at Athens :—his principal merit is riding—*à la Grecque*—an unshod horse bareback and without stirrups, and it is to this noble enterprise that he consecrates his genius and his leisure : he is also a fine talker, a great lecturer, full of affectation and conceits—yet I would pardon him all

his oddities if he were not inclined to toady. As to the little Venetian,' added he—pointing to the young painter—whose position—with his back turned to us and his head bent over his easel allowed us only to see a neck white as snow shaded with magnificent golden hair, 'as for this boy,' said my lord, 'he is positively a lunatic—I saw him absolutely fall in a faint before a fragment of bas relief six inches long that was disinterred the other day at the Acropolis.

“ ‘But I have too much sense to be angry with him, and his fainting spells do not worry me at all ; it is his right—it is his business—being an artist by profession, and, they say a highly gifted one. After all a clever companion, naïve and amiable, of exaggerated honesty, I suspect that, *after* the Parthenon what delights him most in the world is what he sees in the beautiful eyes of the Marchioness.

“ ‘ Truly, this little gentleman would amuse me, were it not for the deplorable influence that his ingenious enthusiasm—supported by the conceit of the Chevalier—exercises over our pretty, thoughtless flirt.



THE ACROPOLIS.

Three hotheads trying to take the castle by storm! The case is grave, and if you know a remedy you will do me the favor of letting me have it.

“ ‘ I had hoped to find some assistance from the Abbot. Assistance! The Abbot is a wicked egoist—and worse—a Jesuit—whose thoughts are difficult to unravel. The Marchioness holds him in such high regard that his lightest decisions pass here for oracles, and consequently I made an effort to enlist his influence in the effort of trying to convince our idiots that their grand passion for the antique was not a very Christian one.

“ ‘ Honoring me with one of his gracious, tamebearish smiles, he replied that he would think over it, and would choose his opportunity for speaking. Up to to-day he has not said one word—and I begin now to suspect connivance, underhand agreement, a secret understanding with the enemy—and frankly

*I'aime encor mieux un fou qui dit tout ce quil pense
Que ces gens rembrunis, obstines au sileuce,
Ou qui ne disent rien qui ne soit compasse **

* I love yet better a fool who says all that he thinks,
Than those dark people in silence obstinate,
Or who say nothing which may be compassed.

“ ‘ In my distress I betook myself also to the private physician of the Marchioness, that fat man who is doing no one knows what—yonder near the window. He replied by an excuse. Another egoist, that! who finds fault with everything that interferes with his own ease. If the truth were known—I believe that the antique wearies him as much as me, but he keeps it to himself, enters eagerly into all the sentiments of the Marchioness and opposes her in nothing. He believes himself a great philosopher—because he has adopted the system of self-gratification. A good feather bed, and sleep for ten hours are the essentials—and the rest goes for nought. Besides, where there is life there is hope—perhaps he also will take the fatal mania of columns and the malady of bas-reliefs. They are catching, sir; see this stupid lap-dog crouching before an engraving—with what a devout air he contemplates it!

“ ‘ To revenge myself,’ added he, ‘ and to relieve my ill-humor, I am going to produce what my niece calls a dissonance in life’—and extending his arm toward the lap-dog, he gave a vigorous snap at his

right ear. The poor animal uttered a piercing cry, the Marchioness made a gesture of terror—the little Venetian trembled and let his brush drop from nervousness,—the Chevalier almost fell from his roost, the Abbot jumped in his chair, and there was no one even to the Doctor behind his curtain, who was not startled.

“ ‘Graceless brute !’ cried my lord, bravely, ‘ do you dare to trouble the divine concerts of paradise by your howlings ? But, Marquise, you must pardon him ; you may be sure that it was a cry of admiration. Truly that animal does you great honor ; in one or two lessons more he will be swooning like the Chevalier.’ ”

“ At this moment the door of the salon opened, and a man, still young, of rather interesting appearance, approached the Marchioness, bent over and spoke to her in a low voice. The Marchioness plunged back into her scrolls, answering the new-comer only in monosyllables. This seemed to make him angry—and after having waited in vain to see if she would deign to pay him further attention—he darted a look

at the little Venetian and the Chevalier, and left the room abruptly—slamming the door.

“ ‘There is a poor fellow,’ said my lord, sadly, ‘who is even more unhappy than I am.’ ”

“And sinking into a revery, he remained quiet and silent until a servant reopened the door to announce to madame the Marchioness that the horses were ready. And in a twinkling everybody was up and stirring.

“Leaving the room for a few moments, the Marchioness returned in her riding habit, with a hat and feathers on her head which became her wonderfully. Advancing toward me with a gracious air, she proposed that I should join the party for a ride on horseback. It was high noon, in the month of August, under the burning sun of Attica ; therefore I begged her to excuse me—and plead as my reason an engagement which called me home.

“ ‘One has no engagements at Athens,’ said she, imperiously. ‘But if you are not a rider—say so, eely. You are on free ground here—we all do as

we please—including myself. Nevertheless, I require you to stay and dine with us, and my lord will keep you company whilst we are absent. It is an honor that he will not yield willingly to any one.'

“ ‘ Assuredly, madame,’ said Lord A, ‘for as times go and living on this free earth—the meeting of a man of good sense is a rare event. But I have sworn never to let you ride without me—for that would be your opportunity to break your neck.’

“ ‘ In that case,’ said she, ‘ the Abbot will relieve you as sentinel. Monsieur Abbot—you are to answer for your prisoner ; under no pretext let him escape you—for I have been disagreeable this morning – and I keep him to prove to him on my return that in spite of my owls I am as endurable as other women who do not read Plato.’

“Thereupon she left the room and ran rapidly down the stair case—followed by her numerous escort. I went to the window to see them start. My lord had told me the truth ; they brought to the Chevalier a horse without saddle or stirrups, bitted according to

ancient usage—with a bit which had no shanks, the reins being covered by bossets leading directly from the corners of the mouth. The little man raised himself skilfully with his left hand—and bounded into the saddle with a spring—whilst only with great effort did two servants succeed in hoisting the doctor on his horse.

“When everyone was mounted the Marchioness set off at a gallop and my lord sprang forward to her side—followed immediately by the Chevalier, the Venetian and a little farther back, the fat doctor, who, in danger of being distanced, thrust his spurs into his horse—and at every leap bounced heavily in the saddle.

“When the cavalcade had disappeared in a whirlwind of dust on the Cephissian road, I left the window and went back to the Abbot, to whom had been committed the care of entertaining me. To tell the truth, he did not seem to relish his task. Seated opposite each other—for some time neither of us uttered a word until, with an effort—at last he said,

“‘You ought to be satisfied with the reception that the Marchioness has given you.’

“‘I am obliged to you for telling me so ; frankly, I have no doubt I should feel flattered.’

“‘Yes, truly,’ he replied, ‘it is quite unusual to find the Marchioness so approachable. But it is wise to accept her unevenness gracefully, for she is a very good person to know. She has superior intelligence, many gifts—she sketches well—is a good musician—has a mind well cultivated—much knowledge and good taste—and best of all—she is obliging, ready to serve others and is a safe, devoted and wise friend.’

“He drew this portrait of his patroness in the tone of a showman showing for the thousandth time his royal tiger.

“‘Has the Marchioness traveled much?’ I asked.

“‘She was never far from Paris until our departure for Italy. Although her mother was English, she has never been to England ; if she ever goes—it will be to see the Greek Marbles at the British Museum ; but I doubt her doing it. She dislikes the

idea of seeing those poor antiques shivering in the fogs of London.’

“‘Has she been a widow a long time?’

“‘About four years.’

“‘And she never thinks of marrying again?’

“‘That depends on circumstances’ he replied. And drawing from his pocket a little note book—which he showed me from a distance—without letting me touch it—he said gravely: ‘This is a little register in two parts, which I hold by her command; in the left column I inscribe in red ink the reasons that she has for *not* marrying again; and in black ink in the right column the motives she has for *not* remaining a widow. For six months we were thirty against thirty; later our red column was enriched with two red reasons; the day that the majority change places—we will make preparations to marry again.’

“‘And the choice of the possible husband is already made?’

“‘Wait,’ said he, drawing from his pocket a second note book; ‘here is another containing what

might be called our conditions ; it is the list of conditions to be filled in order to merit our hand. There are fifteen just at present, and I know a person who fills thirteen. The fifteenth requirement filled—it is necessary to promise to live at Florence one year. Three months later we find Florence replaced by Venice—and later yet—by Athens.’ Then putting back the two note books in his pocket he repeated the eulogy of the Marchioness in the perfunctory manner which he had used the first time : ‘she is a very good person to know ; a superior intelligence, many gifts,’ &c., &c.

“You know the rest, but you could scarcely imagine the serious tone of the Abbot in thus reciting his lesson.

“‘M. Abbot’ said I, ‘what is the name of that fine looking man of about forty—who appeared so suddenly—and in a few moments left looking so crestfallen?’

“‘That is a French gentleman—the Count of B,’ he said.

“‘The Count of B,’ I replied ; ‘perhaps he is the claimant who filled thirteen of the conditions?’

“‘Now—you are becoming indiscreet,’ he said, smiling slightly.

“Then he added,

“‘If my conversation wearies you, do not force yourself to speak. As the Marchioness has told you, we are here in the Abbey of Thélème.* You read on our door, “*Do what you will.*” If you like reading—take a book—and I will turn to a chapter of my breviary.’

“‘You are right,’ said I to him, ‘one finds here as in Thélème a lady of high lineage, a flower of beauty, with a celestial face, and also these amiable lords, so nobly taught that there is not one among them who does not know how to read, write, and speak five or six languages, and to compose a prayer as well as a Carmelite. Nevertheless, if I recollect aright, at Thélème frivolities were excluded, whilst here folly seems to me to have an honorable place.’

“But deep in his breviary, he heard me no longer, and I was forced to take his advice, and search for a

*A community of perfect Epicureans, pictured by Rabelais in his celebrated work—*Gargantua et de Pantagruel, La vie de.*

book. I concerned myself at this moment neither with the Greek Grammar nor Krüger nor yet with Plato—nor Thucydides. Happily on a table in a corner I found the little volume that the doctor had held in his hand on my arrival, and which he had left behind when he went out to ride. I seized it; it was the *Stories of Hamilton*—more to the taste of this honest epicurean—it would seem, than the big German books on the quintessence of art. I began to read *Les Quatre Facardins*, and I was at the part where the *beautiful pilgrim—beginning to speak*—says : ‘*Lovely stranger—if you understand the language that I speak—I beg of you to instruct me as to where I may be able to find a wife*’—when the Marchioness re-appeared—accompanied by her retinue. In spite of sun and dust—she was sparkling and fresh as a rose. Having saluted me graciously—she withdrew to make her toilet. At the end of a half hour we had all gathered at the dinner table. The meal passed off well; the Marchioness chatted quite sensibly about affairs in general; my lord ate much more than he

talked ; the doctor cheered us by his jokes—seasoned with salt, which, however, was not Attic ; the Chevalier argued excitedly. Nanni, the young Venetian talked well and wisely—he had a silvery voice which appealed to the heart, and his slightest utterances breathed of the gentle candor of his soul. As to the man with the breviary, he was taciturn according to his wont—and the little he said breathed not of candor, but of the studied gravity of the most mysterious of all Abbots. After dinner we walked in the queen's garden, and on returning we found the Count of B—— awaiting us. The Marchioness gave him a cold reception, which he appeared to treat with indifference. The conversation turned on polychromic sculpture, and the Count maintained that the combination of gold and ivory in the colossal statues of the ancients was a feature of barbarism, and that the chryselephantine Minerva of the Parthenon could be only a monster. I do not know whether he was in earnest, but he quizzed the enthusiasm of the Marchioness and her friends good naturedly. The

Chevalier grew excited ; his transports served only to stimulate the jesting humor of the Count. The Marchioness—impatient of his profane taunts, rose also in anger and begged Nanni to sit down at the piano with her ; this appeared to displease the amiable joker so much that he took up his hat and left. The two performers played with admirable expression Beethoven's Second Symphony ; the Abbot remained perfectly immovable, and I believe at one time he slept, for his eyes were closed. But after the last chords of the *finale*, he opened them, and I perceived that they were full of tears. Had he weak eyes, or did the music make him weep ? A delicate question, which I do not feel myself able to solve.

“Dating from this day I divided my time in such a manner as to give much to the Marchioness. The mild nonsense which reigned in this Abbey of Thélème did not displease me, and I listened not without pleasure to the ramblings of the Thélémites in art and philosophy. Even the Chevalier found grace in my eyes. What he said was in the main sensible ; there

was only exaggeration in his gestures. When he read Plato he was subject to mysterious wailings, his voice trembled, he carried his head like an amorous dove, poured forth plaintive notes, rolled his eyes about, was lackadaisical, and made wry faces. His comments were those of a man well informed, but they were delivered in an emphatic voice, with awkward gestures, and in a style full of affectation.

“As for Nanni, he had no affectations—he had a serious and ingenuous nature in which the love of art became a religion—his soul was limpid and transparent as a diamond of the purest water. Although endowed with an exquisite sense of the beautiful, a sensitive delicacy, and a mind loving and impassioned, yet a kind of irresistible innate modesty hindered his spirit from diffusing itself, and thus the young enthusiast was continually under constraint. He always expressed much less than he felt, quite the opposite of the Chevalier, who treated him as a child. It has always been said that colored glass beads—well set—have despised uncut precious stones.

“I have already told you that I flatter myself that I fully appreciate the supreme delight to be found in the fine arts, but I am not equally carried away at all hours of the day, and my admiration is subservient to the law of intermission. After a sight of the beautiful has lifted me out of myself, my soul feels the need of returning home again ; of making the tour of its own small domain ; of attending to its own little affairs, of demanding a momentary forgetfulness of heavenly things in honest dissipation, or in innocent questions about the *pot au-feu*. Therefore, I envied our Thélèmites their gift for experiencing and enjoying this dream-life, a gift which never seemed to take any respite, nor to feel the need of resting. But, not to deceive you, while enjoying them, I apprehended for them some grievous metamorphosis, recalling what Socrates reported of those men who from the birth of the Muses, transported with pleasure, and thinking only of singing, forgot to eat and drink. These fanatics, if we are to believe the son of Phœnarete,* did not

* The mother of Socrates.

die, but were merely metamorphosed, and from them grasshoppers were developed, for the grasshoppers, who live on dew, having received the gift of singing eternally from the Muses, vie with each other in conversing on the divine, in the depths of the forest, and laugh without mercy at the 'slaves and sheep sleeping around the fountain at noon.'

"Nevertheless, the Marchioness did not laugh at me at all ; she was even grateful for the pleasure that my lord found in my society. I listened patiently to the sad complaints of this excellent man, and tried to console him. To tell the truth, he was a little annoyed because I was not tired of Thélème :—it astonished him that my sojourn in Greece was not utterly insupportable to me. I was not at all of his mind on this point ; on the contrary Athens was attractive to me and I knew a goodly number of charming and cultivated Athenians ; their conversation interested me, their character inspired me with the liveliest interest. I admired their patriotism—often more ardent than sensible—but always ready to prove its sincerity by

heroic effort and noble sacrifice. I loved to dream with them of a glorious future for their country, although—from my own point of view, the prospect of it seemed very uncertain.

“After listening to all his complaints, I forced my lord to admit that *ennui* was an organic malady, to which he had been subject from his birth.

“‘Alas, yes,’ he said, sighing ; ‘it has complete possession of me ; I am bored everywhere. But nature has endowed me with a marvellous sense of propriety, which until now has kept me from disgust of life. Do you know that, as a rule, I am always bored? Whilst I was in Paris, I thought, as a matter of course, that, I was leading a very happy and enjoyable life. Scarcely had I left, when this illusion vanished, and I am now forced to confess that—speaking in all seriousness—my pretended happiness was a lie, a lie to my own better self—I deceived myself into imaginary enjoyment. I had not had three quarters of an hour of veritable pleasure during my whole stay there, and I shudder at the thought of beginning over again the life whose

charm was only a pretence. But at Athens I am not even as well off as at Paris:—immediately on my arrival here, the fact forced itself upon me that I was not entertained in the least, and I long to leave this wretched city and to return to a country where I can be bored without knowing it’

“‘There is one resource left yet,’ I said to him, ‘since you only need to deceive yourself, why not awaken your inward comforter the sophist—who has abused you so faithfully in the past? Let him persuade you every day that Athens is the most delightful region of the earth, that her beef-steaks are delicious, her assemblies charming, her comic-opera admirable and in return for his efforts to make you happy you need only repay him with impudence.’

“‘Ah!’ he said, ‘it would be of no use. Under this blue sky which desolates me, he has grown less persuasive—or I have become less persuadable.’

“I saw the Count of B—— often. Besides pleasing me by his frankness and culture his chagrin interested me:—it was useless for him to try to dissimu-

late, for in spite of his efforts, his face and manners betrayed suffering—the cause of which—was easy to unravel. I was very soon convinced that he was really that claimant, once high in favor and in a fair way of being accepted, to whom the Abbot had alluded, but in whom, although she received him with favor at first, the Marchioness was less and less interested at every interview. But truly, I could not help believing that by a little complacence he could easily have disarmed her severity:—unhappily, at that juncture he lacked tact—and after having jested quite mildly on the unnatural fancies of the beautiful widow, becoming excited—as is apt to be the case—and roused by the quickness of her repartees, he attacked to her face, her enthusiasms, her archæology, her Greek Grammar, her pediments, and—above all—her little Venetian, whom he could not endure. He rallied her on the supreme contempt that she had suddenly affected for the world, for the *salon*, for noisy pleasures, for what she called the yoke of social conventionality; he declared bitter war on her

dreams of solitude, of retreat, of a life consecrated to the worship of the Muses. Had he thought more carefully about it, he would have waited until time should have wearied her of her dreams, and her idle fancies. The caprices of a pretty young woman do not last long, at least when they are not opposed, and when offended self-love is not permitted to add interest to the game. Assuredly, there was little likelihood that a sojourn in the Thebaic region would be agreeable for any length of time to a lovely Marquise, accustomed to display her charms in the most brilliant *salon* of Paris, and it is easy to believe that after having enjoyed for several months these innocent eccentricities which she called the worship of the Muses, enthusiasm, and Platonic friendship, she would be ready to return to her natural self, and to renounce her proud disdain for the world, worldlings and worldliness. But the Count lacked tact and patience; his sallies of wit often bitter, stung the Marquise to the quick. She showed her resentment and although he affected not to care, the poor man suffered cruelly from

a condition of things which he aggravated obstinately every day and he was often found wandering at random in the streets of Athens—his head bent—his eyes fixed on the ground, with an anxious countenance and a depressed air.

“One morning my lord entered my room abruptly, without being announced, and throwing himself into an arm-chair, cried out in a despairing tone :

“ ‘All is lost! the Count of B—— will not marry my niece. He has quarrelled with her finally. Last evening, in my presence, he precipitated a scene with her which he at last terminated by imperiously forbidding the little Venetian to enter the Marquise’s door. She did nothing but laugh. He went away furious, and this morning at the Piraeus he took passage on the Greek Steamer starting for Kalamaki. I carried the news of his departure to the Marquise, and she laughed heartily. Plague take the fools who have disturbed her mind!’

“My lord was really desperate.

“ ‘Think,’ said he, ‘from the day that the late Marquis died I resolved firmly that the Marquise should marry again. I will not tire you by going over my reasons. The best is that I have the greatest desire for it: this little project was formed in my own brain; and not being very fertile in ideas, it is natural that I should cling with tenacity to the few I have. The first marriage of the Marquise was not entirely happy, and it is difficult to persuade her to resign her liberty a second time. Among the suitors who entered the field, I soon remarked the Count of B—. You know him; no one possesses more worth, more sense, more heart, and of all the men that I have had leisure to study, he is the wisest, the gentlest, the most even-tempered, the most constant in his attachments, the best cultured in the art of living—in a word—the most capable in every particular of making the happiness of a woman complete. I detailed all his perfections to the Marquise, who finally became interested in him. When the Count asked her hand, she said to him ‘Let me enjoy my liberty for awhile; I am going to travel for eigh-

teen months, to satisfy all kinds of little curiosities which have come to me of late, and which begin to clamor to be gratified. Married to a worn out man as soon as I left the Convent, what have I seen of the world? Almost nothing, and you know *whoever sees nothing naturally has nothing to say*. A restless mood has seized me. *Do not cry over it; two years at the most will satisfy me*, and I will then give you an answer." Note that in speaking thus her smile promised much, for perhaps you do not know that my niece has two countenances; the one which her brow indicates, signifying nothing, and the one which her smile portrays, a charming expression of countenance, the irresistible attractions of which have won her many followers. This day her eyebrows said not a word, for they were not noticeable, so gracious, lovely, engaging and persuasive were the corners of her mouth. But I have spoiled all by my imprudence. When I saw the devastations that the bas-reliefs had made in her heart, alarmed by her absurd project of meditating forever on the Greek classics by the bare banks of the Ilissus,

I said to myself, "We must leave no stone unturned," and foolishly, I wrote to our friend the Count, "Come quick, some one is ill; bring your case and your lancet." Alas! the awkward fellow went to work the wrong way, and only irritated and increased the trouble. To-day all is lost, Monsieur, and I could weep with rage.' And thereupon, he began his litany, again crying out like Gorgias, 'You, who are the cause of her folly, foolish trash, pernicious amusements of idle minds, romances, verses, songs, sonnets and ballads—Oh! that you might all go to the devil!'

"I told him to be calm and take fresh courage, assuring him that I had seen affairs set straight that were in a much worse state; but he shook his head with an air of utter hopelessness. Certainly, that day and the following, the Marquise had an aspect of serenity and enjoyment not calculated to reassure him. I observed, likewise, that the Chevalier had an air of satisfaction which he did not seek to hide. Nanni, also, the humble Nanni, breathed more freely: his step was more light; a secret joy seemed to diffuse

his whole being. What had he to hope for? Nothing, assuredly. There are imaginations which, to be happy, have no need of hope. To dream is sufficient for them.

“ As he left me, my lord said :

“ ‘ The day that my niece marries the Chevalier, I will hang myself to one of the olive trees of the Academy.’ And I replied :

“ ‘ Do not choose your tree yet, the danger is not pressing ; only, if you would be influenced by me, never reproach the Marquise ; let the Chevalier talk about Phidias until she is satisfied, and do you be careful not to speak to her of the Count. I guarantee that you will reap benefit from this course.’ But my lord would not listen to my suggestions ; and resorting again to the Doctor and the Abbot, he entreated them to espouse the interests of the Count, and to intercede in his behalf. The Doctor replied, laughing : ‘ *The quarrels of lovers are stings and nourishment to true love.*’

“ The Abbot assured him, as he had at first, that he would give the matter his serious attention, and that he would be careful to watch his opportunity.

His coldness exasperated my lord so much that he had great difficulty in restraining himself from striking the Abbot.

“Some weeks later he said to me: ‘Assuredly my niece shows no indications of being cured. I begin almost to fear that she will become altogether mad.’

“‘Is she going to marry the Chevalier?’ I said.

“‘It will come—in time, I have not a doubt,’ he replied. ‘But in dancing attendance on her I have to rise every morning at four o’clock, in order to go with her to your cursed Acropolis—where she is copying some equestrian groups of the frieze of the Partheon. When the sun is too hot I open a large parasol, and hold it over her head until she has finished her sketch. Judge of the pleasure that I take in this exercise. As my luck will have it, she is never content with her work: every evening she tears in pieces what she has done in the morning, and the next day it has to be begun again. Yesterday—in the midst of her work, she plunged into such a reverie that I could not resist saying to her: “Indeed, my dear Lucile, you make

me uneasy. Have you fallen in love with this bas-relief?" She began to laugh, but not without blushing a little, and replied: "Yes—my lord—this horse seems to be marvellously beautiful, and I am going to carry you off one of these days, to travel the world over with me until we can find one of the descendants of the animal which served as model to Phidias." And now—what do you think? Does it not make you shudder? You know her; she is capable of doing what she says. You will probably say that I might as well leave Athens for this as for any other cause. But who would wish to leave purgatory through the gate of hell? And I must say that it would not be my choice to travel to the West Indies in search of a horse which is not to be found; for—although the first English horse that was ever seen far surpassed him in elegance and beauty, the horse of Phidias has no counterpart in nature.'

"'I do not altogether agree with you,' I said. 'To my mind the horses of the Parthenon are the most beautiful in the world. But I am astonished to

see you so upset over a pleasantry of the Marquise ; she is only amusing herself at your expense when she tries to frighten you with this crazy project.’

“ ‘A pleasantry!’ said he; ‘but did you not hear her declare the other day, that there is nothing more serious in the world than that which is the amusement of the common herd: justifying her position, by the authority of a certain German who has said: “Man is only truly serious when he plays?”’

“ ‘Believe me— her head is completely turned and the most unworthy follies are attracting her with strange power: she has become the prey of charlatans, quack doctors, alchemists: there is no mountebank who cannot make her accept his drugs—nor monkey’s money* that she would not take for currency.’

“ ‘Thereupon I replied: ‘A good deal might be said about that; but tell me, of all the horses of the frieze, which one had the honor of being distinguished by the Marquise?’

“ ‘Do you recall,’ he said, ‘the one who arches his neck? He is ridden by a cavalier who has—

**Payer en monnaie de singe.*

To laugh at one instead of paying him.

what my niece calls an—Arcadian hat—on his head; that is to say—a hat with a broad brim, very like the one that the Count of B. wore.’

“ ‘ Well, really,’ I replied, ‘ the Marquise has not bad taste. Nevertheless, I suspect that the cavalier pleases her better than the horse ’

“ ‘ What ! that cavalier who has lost his nose in the struggle of the ages ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Nonsense,’ I replied, ‘ in spite of his disfigurement there remains a certain pose of the head, a style in that curve of the neck that I cannot explain ; but I would wager . . . But reassure yourself, perhaps this new stubbornness is a crisis indicating a turn for the better in the Marquise.’

“ Milord would not believe this, but held that the Count’s position grew worse every day. Shortly after this he confessed to me that he had received a letter from the poor repulsed lover, full of the most bitter complaints, and that, when he offered to show it to the Marquise, she had forbidden him sharply ever again to speak of a man who had failed to treat her with respect,

“I scolded him well for his want of skill—and begged him never again to mention the Count in her presence. The prompt cure of the Marquise is only to be gotten at this price.

“Her fat doctor was not far wrong the other day, said I, when he affirmed that the whole secret of medicine is to let nature work ; and I, who have some faith in homœopathy, I add : *Similia Similibus*—that is the whole story.

“And really—I began to think that I could see indications that nature was beginning to act—for although she concealed it with care, the Marquise at moments had a pensive and pre-occupied air ; she had become more impatient and more irritable. The least *contre-temps*—the slightest disappointment, upset her. To quote my lord, she employed her eyebrows oftener in the expression of her face. The uneasiness of her thoughts expressed itself also by a certain movement of the right foot, the meaning of which I understood well. One day while the Chevalier was reading, I saw this little foot, shod in a gold-embroidered slip-



THE PROPYLÆA.

per, move itself over a great white rose in the carpet, with an air of increasing agitation that was truly eloquent. And speaking to her in an undertone, I said: 'Thou art not content; the big German book, and the little gentleman who reads, are not sufficient for thy happiness. I understand—thou art not able to content thyself within the house; thou wouldst travel Heaven only knows where, and forced to remain here, thou weariest by thy stampings the great white rose—which can do nothing but' . . . Meanwhile, to tell the truth, these were—as far as I was concerned—suppositions rather hazardous and scarcely justifiable even to myself. The face of the Marquise at times breathed a perfect contentment and when the little foot pressed the pedals of the piano with incomparable vigor, or stepped in triumph on the beautiful marble staircase of the Propylæa—that face was assuredly a thousand leagues from all melancholy.

“It was about two months since the Count had departed. One beautiful morning at the beginning of autumn, all of us having ascended to the Acropolis,

we lingered a few moments to see some excavations which were being made east of the Parthenon. Ordinarily, the Marquise had a lively interest in this kind of spectacle ; at every blow of the spade she watched to see the arm or leg of some statue brought out of the earth : and the pleasures of expectation consoled her for the rarity of the findings. But that day she was distracted, and giving as the pretext that the sun inconvenienced her, she quitted us abruptly, to go and sit under the west peristyle of the temple. We were not slow in joining her there. Having gotten cushions and folding chairs from the guards of the sacred enclosure, we grouped ourselves near her, and began to talk. Meanwhile—I can scarcely say why—contrary to custom, no one was in the spirit of the occasion—the conversation drooped every moment and watching the pretty foot, the language of which I loved to study, I saw it first pose delicately on the heel, balancing from right to left, and from left to right ; then the point of the toe designed little arabesques, oddly intertwisted ; after which it began to glide rapidly

along the joint of two marble flags, until at last, in a fit of spite, it struck three very sharp blows on the stone. *Decidedly the Marquise was weary*—and I saw a threatening wrinkle forming on her uneasy brow, that announced a storm ready to burst.

“ ‘ In truth, gentlemen,’ said she, playing with her fan, ‘ you are not more happy in your gettings than the laborers who work among these ruins ; it is useless for you to dig into your wits, there is nothing worth the finding. If you allow *ennui* to attack us here, at the feet of these columns, in the shade of this holy place, it will be simply disgraceful.’

“ At these words, the doctor, seated on a cushion, made a gesture of dismay.

“ ‘ You, my lady,’ said he, ‘ it is you who tire in our society. Ah ! to prevent such a catastrophe, there is nothing that I would not do. You have only to command. Do you desire me to play Punch and Judy, to sing bravura, to improvise a sonnet, to dance like a zephyr ? I am at your disposal, ready for anything.’

“And speaking thus, he began to rise, but the Marquise made a sign to him to remain seated.

“‘I excuse you from your athletics and buffoonery, and dancing; a little good conversation would be more to my taste.’

“‘As you please—my lady; you shall be served immediately. The desire to gratify you will have the effect of making me eloquent. And do you know why? The French Academy on one occasion questioned the assembly as to which of the virtues of the great King was the most worthy of eulogy. If agreeable to you, we will discuss which of your merits—’

“‘Now, if you please,’ interrupted she; ‘no insipidities, no madrigals, nothing which savors of the Muse, Patchouli, the pastilles of the seraglio. And above all, be careful how you speak of me. For there are days, my good doctor, when I cannot endure myself, when the sight of my own shadow disturbs me, when I seek to fly from myself, to forget myself. So, for the love of Heaven, not one word of my merits, and

count on my gratitude if you succeed in taking me so far out of myself that I cannot find myself.'

“ ‘Do not attempt that, doctor,’ said the Chevalier, smiling; ‘Madame the Marquise would not take three steps before she would regret it.’

“ ‘What,’ said she, ‘cannot a poor woman confess that self-adoration is not always agreeable to her, without being suspected of hypocrisy? But, how about yourself, I beg—you who are so ready to speak—have you never happened to be weary of yourself?’

“The Chevalier signified by a gesture that he thought the question impertinent.

“ ‘It would be better to say, perhaps, that in our day it is utterly useless to try to banish self. Education and universal example oppose it. There are—strictly speaking—some people who believe in self-sacrifice, but absolute self-forgetfulness is rarely bestowed. To-day, there is nothing done, nothing said, nothing written—in which the display of self does not break through. In this generation where shall we find a man who does not hang a sign at his door, or else, in

launching his ideas into the world, does not clothe them in such a livery that they are recognizable at sight; in fact, "They belong to such an one; look first at the shields," is a frequent remark. Most of our moderns cry themselves hoarse, saying, "See what I am," and oftener than otherwise they are nobodies. We must look to the ancients if we wish to find virtues not on dress parade, and works of art other than advertisements.'

"She continued in this strain some time longer; then looking again at the Doctor:

"'Since you feel yourself inspired,' she said, 'give us a discourse, on condition always that there shall be no more reference to yourself than to me; for, interesting though you may be, my dear Doctor, I have the misfortune to know you through and through. Yes, you are a book that I have read more than once from beginning to end—and the few good pages that I have found I know by heart. So, in speaking of yourself to me, I defy you to teach me anything.'

“‘I do not propose to speak to you of myself,’ he replied. ‘But for my own part I attach two conditions to the eloquent effort that I am to have the honor of giving you. The first is—that after me—each of the others shall pay his quota—for is it right that I alone should make this expenditure? The second is—that after we have all spoken—this evening, by moonlight, you shall bestow an olive wreath, woven by your own hands, on the one among us whose style you approve most of.’

“‘The conditions accepted,’ he added; ‘it only remains to find a subject.’

“‘Oh, that is a small matter, and you know nothing of what is going on in the world if you trouble yourself about it,’ said she. ‘Do you not hear people talking every day, who, at the end of a long harangue, forget what they were talking about when they began?’

“Then turning to me :

“‘Since the doctor is yet in the childhood of art, and—if he speaks at all—holds it absolutely necessary

to speak of something, give him a subject which will be to my taste.'

"Without thinking much about it, I proposed to them to celebrate one of the metopes of the Parthenon frieze, and I chose precisely the horse which had pleased the Marquise so much. She ratified my choice by saying, with a sigh:

"'Very skilful he who can praise this horse to my liking.'

"The Doctor reflected a moment, and while he collected his ideas—seated at the south end of the portico and leaning against one of the columns of the Parthenon, which, under the ardent rays of the sun, had taken the golden color of ripe grain, I began once more to contemplate the incomparable perspective which was spread before our eyes. From my position, by turning round, I could see Phalerus, and the peninsula of the Piræus, with its promontories and creeks, and the softly inflected contours of the bank, caressed by the lazy waves. On the right lay Salamis, with its deep indentations and its proud bluffs.

On the left, still farther out at sea, appeared Egina and her terraced heights, sloping gently in the background, like the walls of a Greek temple. In the distance were the coasts of Argolis, with their indentations, islets, and mountains, the bold chain uniting itself at the west to the summits of Corinth and Megara, and to the sharp precipices of the Scironian rocks, which form so marvellous a girdle around the Gulf. I admired this immense tableau. One could see with a single glance one of those vast successions of perspectives, unknown in our northern landscapes, all detaching themselves one from the other with such clearness that the air and light seemed to play between them. Bathed with ethereal clearness, all these diverse lines united and mingled without confusion. Now the eye seized the harmony and unity of the whole, and again wandered at random over the innumerable details which presented themselves on all sides, and which the gaze could not exhaust, passing from one to the other, seizing successively all parts of the whole view, and

horizon fading into more distant horizon. I admired the way in which the Grecian sun, with artistic fancy, colored each of these divisions of the landscape with a particular tint. A white light was diffused on the hills which surrounded the Acropolis, and all the neighboring banks ; the sea was of the purest, deepest blue, almost pure indigo ; Salamis was rose-color ; Egina, covered with violet ; the coast and the mountains of the Peloponnesus beyond showed a waste of shadows which melted softly into the lightest, finest and most delicate of tones. Whilst in our own countries the framing of landscape profiles itself in dark coloring on a whitish landscape, here the distances of an ashy grey design themselves in light effects on a sky of deep blue, dark and velvety and rich and refreshing to the one that gazes.

“Dazzled and charmed, my eyes lingered on the uncertain swelling of the waves, the undulating movement of the lines beyond—the transparent vapors which softened the contours without veiling them ; and the insensible fading into distance of the land-

scape, losing itself in an abyss of azure. The thought came to me that nature in her tenderness for the descendants of Theseus, had kept for the use of their artists a great school of sculpture and painting—when the doctor, after having coughed three times to clear his voice, began as follows :

CHAPTER II.

“ ‘How difficult the task, my lady, that you impose upon me ! Surely, it is not easy to extol the beautiful suitably, and to pay the quota that is due to the object of one’s admiration. How can we express in words that which is inexpressible ? Granting it to be true that the inspirations of great artists are the confidence of a Muse to the privileged souls favored with her revelations, what guarantee is there that the genius of your first speaker will be inspired in this silent interview with his divinity, and that in his way of telling, he will not profane the mystery which he dares to unfold ?

“ ‘The Athenians show their wisdom in the severity with which they punish men indiscreet enough to

have divulged the sacred rites and ceremonies of Eleusis—thus giving to human speech limitations it is bound to respect, and forbidding to the vulgar herd certain subjects which they could not handle without profanation.

“ ‘But still, my lady, if I undertook to describe to you a masterpiece which you had never seen, and to detail beauties which you knew nothing about, it might be that my desire to please and entertain you would lead me into doing what I was not fitted to do. Thus curiosity making you indulgent, I might succeed in surrounding an object with attractiveness, which not being under your gaze, could not witness by its presence to the absurdity of my eulogy. But, my lady, this horse that you call on me to celebrate, is right before you, only a few feet above your head. By taking three steps you can see him. He himself will hear my discourse, a redoubtable witness ready to rise up against me. And note again, this horse is well known to you. From the first time you came here, he has been your especial study. You scarcely

had looked at him before he had your devotion and since then your admiration has grown day by day. He has no secret beauties that your gaze has not discovered. It is hopeless to search for any hidden grace which might have escaped those beautiful eyes of yours, whose lustre does not surpass their penetration.'

“‘Holy Virgin!’ interrupted the Marquise abruptly, letting her hands fall. ‘My beautiful eyes; the beautiful eyes of the Marquise! Will you not, doctor, cease, once for all, these insipid foolishnesses, unknown to the ancients, who, believe me (I take it from the original), knew much better how to praise women than your modern gallants. Indeed you began to interest me. Your exordium, after the manner of Socrates, won my attention, and there were certain rounded phrases which gratified my ear. And suddenly, either from habit, or perhaps because some fly stung you, suddenly you foolishly come back to insipidities, and to language *à la mode*. From these Pindaric heights to fall with so sudden a crash to the

miseries of hollow flattery, it is unendurable! Doctor, my friend, give me bombast once more, and I shall be forced, whatever I may think of your merit, to exclude you from this competition.’ The Doctor had listened to the Marquise with a contrite air, his eyes modestly lowered like those of a school-boy caught in a scrape. Without replying, he continued in these words:

“So, my lady, for the reason that I have just given, I could not hope to teach you anything. Although I might have been able to do it, under other circumstances, I can now only reproduce imperfectly what you have already felt. Nevertheless, I shall do my utmost in obedience to you; you are a woman who will never suffer any refusal. It is not a question of choice between success and failure, but of rushing headlong into an adventure from which by foregone conclusion I shall not be able to withdraw with honor.

“Here, properly, my exordium ends. I do not know whether it has pleased you—; I only know what its good intention has lost me, and that

more than once I have thought that I must stop short. I have also experienced the need of invoking the Muse of eloquence, knowing that she is accustomed to haunt these places, in the neighborhood of the Pnyx.* O! that she, with the goddess Persuasion, might come to my aid, and that both would drop on my tongue a little of that honey with which they were wont to purify and refresh lips consecrated to their service.'

"'Amen! said the Marquise. 'Eloquence and Persuasion come to him!'

"And we all repeated 'Amen!'

"'In the first place,' continued he, 'a question presents itself. There is no one who, studying this horse carefully, might not forget that he is marble, and imagine him of flesh and blood. One might readily admire him, not as a work of art, but as a work of nature. The artist has rivalled nature, has drawn her secrets from her, has succeeded in animating the stone to the point of producing an illusion which imposes on the coldest and calmest judge.'

*The Pnyx included an area of more than twelve thousand square yards, and could with ease contain the entire civic population of Athens. "This," says Mr. Wordsworth, "was the place provided for the public assemblies of Athens in its most glorious times. The Athenian orator spoke from a block of bare stone: his audience sat before him on a blank and open field." *Stuart's Antiquities of Athens.*

“ ‘That is so true,’ said the Marquise, ‘that more than once I have seen this horse distinctly turn his head toward me, and not only he, but also that other one who is excited, and the one rubbing his nose against his leg, have done the same. Truly, the illusion was so strong, that it charmed, and at the same time frightened me.’

“ ‘Phidias is Phidias,’ cried the Chevalier; ‘he alone has made marble to live. To be convinced, it is only necessary on leaving Athens to study the Loggia of Sansovino at Venice. Marvelous as these *bas-reliefs* are—comparing them with the frieze of the Parthenon, all the figures of one of the greatest sculptors of the Renaissance will appear to you cold, inert and inanimate.’

“ ‘That point is well made,’ replied the Marquise, ‘but we must not interrupt the orator.’

“ ‘And yet, my lady,’ continued the doctor, ‘it is only necessary to consider this horse attentively to be convinced that he is none other than a copy after nature: as for myself I have endeavored in vain, to

recall one like him in life ; I am persuaded that he is not to be found. Such perfection cannot be equalled.’

“‘Ah! Doctor, my good Doctor,’ cried milord, ‘you are truly a brave man. I do not trouble myself to know whether what you say is correct, but I agree with you that it is admirable. I beg of you to write it everywhere in letters of gold—it might cure the Marquise of a certain whim.’

“‘Another interruption,’ said she, frowning ; ‘do not interrupt the orator.’

“‘This marvellous horse,’ continued the Doctor, ‘how has Phidias conceived his image? In the struggle with nature—who furnished the weapons to surpass and to excel her ?

“‘An ingenious writer of antiquity, Lucian, desiring to pay court to a Roman Empress, counsels the sculptor, who would wish to carve her statue, to borrow the brow, the hair, the happy curve of the eyebrows, the moistened lustre of the eye (for, “the beautiful eyes of the Marquise,” that is found in the Greek of Lucian, I am sorry for you, my lady) from the

Venus of Gnide ; from the *Venus des Jardins* to appropriate the hands and the attachment of the arms ; from the Lemnian Minerva, the contour of the face, the softness and delicacy of the cheeks, and the delicate proportions of the nose ; from the Amazon, the compression of the lips and the pose of the head ; from the Sosandra by *Calamis, which is seen at the Acropolis, in the midst of the masterpieces of Phidias, the expression of modesty, and the nobility of the smile. To compose a whole from all these scattered features, was, according to Lucian, the method for one to follow who wished to create a figure which would honor the august sovereign ; evident proof, my lady, that there were madrigal makers then as well as to-day.

“And likewise do they not tell of a celebrated painter of antiquity who, when he wished to paint an ideal woman who should represent perfect beauty, borrowed from every model which posed for him, or which he chanced to see ; from one the hair, from another the mouth, from another the feet, from an-

*This sculptor is spoken of by Lucian in the highest terms, as on the same path with Phidias.

other the stature and the hands, combining the varied points of feminine beauty of the time? Thus of all these parts brought together he hoped to form that ideal study which was in his mind. And lest you might think that this method was peculiar to antiquity, do we not see, in our own day, some landscape painters who select and group together fragments from their most successful studies, forming thus a picture perfect to their eye, since a thousand perfections of detail find themselves harmoniously combined, and as it were wedded the one to the other?

“‘Those are what they call Eclectics,’ said the Marquise ; ‘and you know how much I like them, for it is clear.’

“‘No, my lady,’ he replied, ‘nothing is clear yet. Do not judge hastily. Let us proceed systematically. I have not yet found the secret, I who have not the advantage of being a Marquise, of saying things otherwise than one after the other ; so, may I ask whether or not Phidias, when he carved this horse which we are considering, availed himself of the manner of the

artists of whom we have just spoken, and which Lucian seems to approve? Think of it, my lady—at the Olympian Games, or even, without leaving Athens, in the races which were not the least attraction of the festivals of Minerva, Phidias had the opportunity to study at his leisure, specimens of all the races of horses that antiquity has boasted; for they came from far off countries, and there were few princes who did not hold it an honor to run at the Panathenæan Races, and especially to struggle for the olive wreath, a more glorious adornment for the brow than the royal diadem itself. Thus Phidias probably was familiar with many different and celebrated races of horses. Shall I cite here those Cappadocian horses, of which the King of Persia received fifteen hundred in tribute, which sometime later the Theodosian law appropriated to the special use of the Emperors of Byzantium, and forbade the blue and green chariots to use in the races of the Hippodrome—horses of scriptural renown, and whose elevated neck, and long flank, Nemesian also has described?

“ ‘Shall I speak of that Armenian race, of those famous bay and chestnut coursers of the Nysæan plain, whose gait and mien Strabo has extolled, whose swiftness Aristotle has alluded to—whose delicate head and fleshy croup Synesius has sung—and again Oppian, the fair mane falling in tresses on both sides of the harness? Or of those two Parthian horses, that Posidonius compared to the jennets of Spain, or of those horses so well limbed according to Absyrtus, who celebrated their courage and fire, and whose joints the Parthians, according to Vegèce, supplied in a remarkable way? Or of those Tyrrhenians which, like the Cretans, were distinguished by the length of the back bone? Or of the brilliant stallions of Sicily, which secured to Hiero more than one triumph in the Olympian Games? Or again, of that generous race brought into Thrace by the Cimmericians, among whom Rhesus found those noble coursers, which Homer tells us in the Iliad, were the greatest in the world?’

“ ‘Doctor, my dear Doctor, could you not drop your lengthy and wearisome figures of rhetoric, of

which one would think you yourself would tire?’

“‘Ah! my good lady,’ he said, ‘you are really terrible! Why do you arraign me thus for my innocent self-indulgence in displaying a little erudition?’

“‘Erudition is cheap,’ I interrupted, turning my eyes from the violet mountains of Egina upon him; ‘it has cost you no more than to run through the Hierozoïcon of Bochart with a careless eye.’

“‘You find fault with me about Bochart!’ cried he, quite angry, ‘and really his learning is very necessary to me. Bring him here, and you will find me ready to try my strength with him on any question of hippic science that it may please him to propose to me, and to prove to him on foot and on horseback that I am more than his peer. Why, I pray, am I not as qualified as he to read Oppian, Nemesian, Absyrtus, Hierocles and all the veterinary treatises of the Lower Empire? Has he, this Bochart—it is I who ask you—has he thought to investigate who first taught the Greeks the equestrian art? Like me has he passed whole nights in trying to find out whether

Bellerophon was a great horseman or a navigator in a long course ; whether Pegasus was really a winged horse, or as Freret claims, an armed war-vessel ? Whether Persens was a great lord who rode a stallion, or a corsair furnished with letters of marque, sailing away to kidnap young girls on the coasts of Phenicia ? Your Bochart, I beg, does he only trouble himself as to whether the Centaurs were the first who applied themselves to the study of the horse, or whether we must attribute the honor to the Dioscures, as their equestrian statues would seem to prove ? This Bochart finally——’

“ ‘Divine goodness’—interrupted the Marquise again, striking a sharp blow on the neighboring column—with her fan—‘will you soon have finished with your Bochart, Doctor ? It is an impertinence to speak to me of this ugly pedant ! The man, Doctor, is insupportable to me. I cannot endure him any longer. This Bochart, whom I do not know, wearies me to death. And you,’ said she, addressing herself to me, I beg of you to grant that he has gained his cause,

and put an end to the discussion. A little more, and I shall choke to death with *ennui*. Once more, Doctor, not one word of this Bochart, nor of his Cappadocian horses, nor of his Nysæans, nor of his Cimmerians, nor of his white mane, nor of his long back-bone, nor of all this salmagundi which may well give me the night-mare to-night. Doctor, my friend, if Bochart comes on the carpet again, I tell you, cost me what it may, I will not speak to you for eight days, and sorry enough you will be.'

“Then beginning to laugh ; ‘but just see what he has done with his Bochart,’ and she pointed to milord in a sound sleep. The Doctor, indignant, wished to awaken him ; but the Marquise would not consent. ‘That is an affront’—she said—which you can digest at your leisure. Begin your discourse again, and remember what I have told you.’

“‘Since it is more agreeable to you,’ he replied, ‘we will leave Bochart ; although I swear that I was a thousand leagues from thinking of him, when you reproached me unfairly just now with pillaging from

him. And if I should borrow from him, would he have the right to complain? He is one of those authors of whom we can say, as Voltaire did of Saint Augustine: "I have read him, the traitor, but he shall pay for it."

"That difficulty settled, let us return to our muttens, or rather, to Phidias. I was wondering whether in carving his horse, he followed the plan of Lucian, and borrowed from one race the chest, from another the legs, from another the head, from another the postern and the shoe, trying, by a mingling of heterogeneous points of beauty, to form a whole superior to that which nature had been able to do.'

"'A question solved beforehand,' interrupted the Marquise again, 'in effect—'

"'Oh! for once,' cried the Doctor, 'I rebel. No, the question is not in the least solved. You must let me speak in my own way. It is a right which I claim. I intend to force you to follow my arguments, however diffuse they may appear, for I have thought them out thoroughly, and besides I am one of those people

who enjoy the argument as much as the conclusion. However,' he added, 'in deference to your impatience, I shall not pour forth the learned dissertation with which I was prepared to regale you. And remember what you are losing. I should have shown you clearly that Phidias was able to choose his model from a particular race of horses ; what that race was, would have been made clear by my demonstration. Going back to the origin of horsemanship in Greece, I should have proved to you that the Greeks, having used the horse primarily for the trace, had, in the beginning, employed the heavy race of horses, which passed from Thrace into Macedonia, and from Macedonia into Thessaly : I should have shown you the first use of the saddle horse, dating from the days of Homer, who still made his heroes fight from their chariots, but who, in two similes—in which he depicted his own time, showed a rider mounting alternately three horses galloping abreast, and in the *Odyssey* compared the ship-wrecked Ulysses, seated astride of a beam, to a horseman straddling his steed. Then sketching in a

brilliant picture the progress of equestrianism, I would have shown that as the usage spread, the Greeks felt the need of renewing their race of horses, and to this end brought from the Orient light and rapid coursers, whose origin they attributed to Neptune, indicating by an allegory that the saddle horse had come to them from beyond the sea. That you may not doubt it, my lady, it is only necessary to remember that two steps from here is the rock which the god split with a blow of his trident to allow the noble animal to come forth. Finally, by virtue of a profound and ingenious analysis, I would have——But, of all that, you shall know nothing, and it is your impatience, your tyranny, your rudeness that we must blame.’

“ ‘Who knows,’ said she, laughing, ‘it is perhaps Bochart who has the misfortune not to be allowed to speak.’

“ ‘Joke as much as you please,’ said he, ‘but I am not at all at a loss for resources, and since you do not wish my erudition, you will have to content yourself with the simplicity of my own reasonings.’

“ ‘Meanwhile, as we must not give way even when pushed desperately, I shall try to withdraw with honor from the difficult situation in which you place me. And so I proceed. In equestrian, as in various other matters, for some years past, taste has improved, and as I will show, in becoming more reasonable it has become more Grecian, as if Greece and reason were two names for one and the same thing; and the moderns could make no progress without going back to those Athenians who argued so well about everything but their own little affairs. I do not wish to enter into detail here about all the variations in taste that the ideal of beauty for the horse family has undergone. They are of little consequence, and good sense caring nothing about them, grants to everyone the right to follow his private judgment on these secondary points. So, of all which concerns the color of the coat; each nation, each age, and each individual is free to prefer one shade to another. Who will censure the French of the eighteenth century, for condemning the horse that has no

mark on the head, or the Spaniards, who, faithful to their sombre gravity of mood, valued highly horses without any white spots at all, whence their proverb : *Morcillo sin senal, muchos lo quieren, y pocos lo Han?*

“ The ancients prized white horses highly, provided that the white was glossy, and not that pale white that Virgil disapproves of. This was the coat of the coursers of Castor and Pollux, of Proserpine, of the Sun, of the Camilla of Virgil ; not to speak of the general of the same name, who, celebrating his first triumph with a team of white horses, was suspected by the Romans of arrogating to himself a privilege which belonged only to the gods. The father of poetry, although he extolled the horses of Rhesus, whose brightness eclipsed the dazzling whiteness of the snow, appeared to admire still more those famous horses of Æneas, issue of heavenly blood, one of which won the chariot race for Diomedes, who had seized them from their master.

“ ‘ ‘He was a blood colored bay,” said the poet, “with a white mark on the forehead like a silver crescent !”

“ ‘If we pass on to more modern times, the steed of Archbishop Turpin, vaunted in the song of Roland, had a white tail and a fawn head. In the last century, Solleysel, the author of the *Perfect Marchal*, prized beyond all, the chestnut bay coat, with black extremities. The Arabs, who despised the bald, the dun with white tail, and the roan, agreeing on one point with Homer, and on another with the Spaniards, preferred to the chestnut, the black with a round mark on the forehead, and white feet: white feet were necessary at any price, but there must be but three, the prophet having declared his aversion to the horse who had four white feet. On all these points, and on others also, as, the color of the eyes, which Columelle decrees to be black, Virgil bluish, Solleysel slate color, a diversity of sentiment is allowed. The coat should tell something of the temperament of the horse, and of his native qualities. The Arabs may be right, who, in their

preference for the whole coat of one color, regard as indications of weakness, light whitish stains scattered over the body. I agree with the *Perfect Marshal* in taking the white horse to be phlegmatic, the bay sanguine, the black melancholy, the chestnut bilious, and of a fiery temperament. I am peaceful, and do not make the assertion for argument's sake, but nevertheless I believe it to be true, that, as we have learned from the Arabs and Solleysel, the color may indicate the disposition and the swiftness of a horse. It is noteworthy—for example—that a gray horse has never shone in the hippodrome nor carried away a prize in the races. All this, meanwhile, does not affect the beauty of the animal. Except where there is a certain mixture of shades, the effect of which is not pleasing to the eye, it is right to say that whatever the coat, the horse may be beautiful: among the gods, Hercules was sanguine, Apollo melancholy, Jupiter bilious, and under the chisel of the sculptor, each took the form which suited his mood, and—how-

ever different in character and expression—each shared a common beauty.

“To proceed farther, if in the valuation of a horse, there are some indifferent points that each can determine at his own pleasure, there are others about which the judgment of every period and country has always agreed, and the good disposition of a horse, and the grace of his bearing, depend on these points so evidently that only a blind man or an idiot would disregard them. For example, the horse has always been required to have elevated and sharp withers, at the cost of whatever might be needed for the solidity of the saddle, and the comfort of the seat: also, medium-sized posterns—inclined forwards. Long jointed horses are criticized sharply because they do not stand up well to work—and short jointed horses because they are liable to balk; long stiff forelegs are under the ban because the effect on the rider is very wearying.

“There are certain peculiarities that horsemen always avoid—for instance the head burdened

with a heavy lower jaw ; large and pinned down shoulders ; a falling or divided croup, sunken eyes, which indicate a dull, sluggish and easily wearied animal ; narrow nostrils—which make the horse snort—a neck too tapering, and turned or inflected too much, which renders the mouth less secure, the gait more unequal and causes the horse to resist the hand. At all times connoisseurs and horse dealers demand breadth of chest, lean, vigorous and very thin hams—the fetlock joint slender, the back even, the hoof high, the horn polished and shining, the breast-bone lean, the sole thick and concave : all these are qualities which contribute without question, to the strength and solidity of the horse.’

“ ‘Do you know, my lady, what he is driving at? and what is the end of all this?’ said the Chevalier.

“ ‘No,’ said she, ‘but it is enough that for the moment he speaks like a Christian, and looks as if he had forgotten — but don’t name it! do not repeat that horrid name! After all, it seems to me that we

are drifting in a definite direction; when we shall arrive I do not know.'

“‘Reassure yourself, lady,’ replied the Doctor, ‘I am not one of those dogs of the chase, minus scent and nose, that keep up a tremendous barking when they lose the trail, to make it appear that they are still on the right track—my method is much more skilful. I proceed like Plato—by elimination. Having separated from the subject the questions about which there is no dispute, and those about which it is wrong to dispute, it only remains to examine the differences of opinion upon which the judgment has to decide. Just here you will see Phidias triumph. So, do not make yourself uneasy if I appear to ramble, and be certain that my cross roads will meet at the end.’

“‘I ask the privilege now of a little digression; you will acknowledge later that it has been of decided advantage. Picture, then, a circle of duchesses of the time of the great king:—dress them *à la mode* of their period, about like that Nymph of

the Seine that we find in *Zénéyde, that Nymph who figured in the prologue of an opera of the time. Her coiffure was six feet high, made of feathers and precious stones. Her ribbons fell from her neck to her knees. The end of her grand train did not enter the theatre until a quarter of an hour after her body. Suppose that you could see these grand ladies in their elaborated gear of stuffs—laces—flowers—balancing their heads with superb indolence—harnessed with gew-gaws—from head to foot decked in muslins, ribbons, hoops and trimmings :—fancy these majestic creatures in farthingales—which had the effect of making the best dressed woman to be the one that occupied the most space. Then picture to yourself a Grecian woman clothed in her tunic and peplum appearing before these elaborately dressed princesses of such respectable volume. Let it be that wingless Victory that you admire every day on your way here, that only yesterday you contemplated for at least two hours. You know the one I mean, a

*Zénéyde, by Antoine Hamilton.

shoulder bare, and the rest of the body veiled with a fine drapery which sets off and outlines the exquisite form, the waving and flowing folds of the drapery bearing the same relation to the grace of the body that a text of Scripture does to the commentary which clears and illustrates it—that Victory then—in her antique and beautiful costume—suppose her appearing to our duchesses, the peplum face to face with the farthingales, the drapery by the side of the dress trimmings: what merriment those ladies would have, and what numberless jokes! Well, my lady, pardon the brusqueness of the transition. This is just what happened to the Ligurians. Titus Livius has related the circumstance in his history.

“It was in a war with the Romans, who, taught by the experience of the Punic Wars, had enrolled under their banners a detachment of Numidian cavalry. Only accustomed to big fat shining chariot horses, when our Ligurians saw these Numidians appear, mounted on their small Barb horses of slender form and with lean, hard bony head, the neck and

shoulders high and lank, and sides projecting, they were overcome with laughter. A little later their lines were broken, and a passage was forced—smoke rising in the air around told them of the burning of their villages. The little Barb horses had made an opening like a cannon-ball through the ranks of these heavy Ligurians who had been overcome with laughter, but whose mirth, to tell the truth, did not last long.

“ ‘ History does not say whether, profiting by this lesson, their admiration for their big chariot horses was modified. It is not probable that there was much change.

“ ‘ There are, my lady, in this world both roses and tulips, and people who love tulips are not apt to do justice to roses ; there are Madonnas after Rubens and Madonnas after Titian, and they who admire the former, are disposed to depreciate the latter, and vice versa : finally, there are farthingales which conceal the shape of the lady, and draperies which outline her form, and from the beginning of time, the farthingale has always scoffed at and despised the drapery.’

“ ‘ May God have mercy on your metaphors. But now I can see what you are driving at—I shall wait patiently until you are through. What have you to say, M. Abbot ? ’ ”

“ The Abbot, stroking his chin lightly with his right hand, replied, with an ironic smile :

“ ‘ Since he quotes Homer, you will be able to say to him as Diomedes said to Nestor, “ Thy coursers are heavy ; mount in my chariot and know something of the coursers of Troy. ” ’ ”

“ ‘ You will not have to wait long, my lady,’ said the Doctor, ‘ my Pegasus is in breath, and in two minutes I shall be with you.’ ”

“ ‘ Providing,’ said she, ‘ that you do not linger too long in Liguria, and among the duchesses in farthingales.’ ”

“ ‘ Let the farthingales go,’ he replied, ‘ I have done with them ; but as for the Ligurians, remember, that they were not alone in their prejudices. The Romans, themselves, when they saw Hannibal’s horses for the first time cared but little for them ; it was only by ex-

perience that they learned to do them justice. Truly, my lady, if you were more enduring, right here would be the place to point out—by the aid of Polybius—the rôle that the Barbs played in the Punic Wars. Scipio could not have conquered at Zama, if his friend Massinissa had not have come to his succor with a detachment of them. The famed Fabius, the temporizer, who always perched on the uplands never committed himself to meeting Hannibal on the plain. Do not imagine, with Rollin, that phlegmatic in temperament, he enjoyed his vacillating tactics. His predilection for the highlands came simply from the holy terror that the Numidian cavalry caused him. If the Romans afterwards learned to employ Barbs as war horses, they had no desire to adopt them for the parade. Except in the case of the Scipios, Cæsar, and some others, their schooling under the Greeks never robbed the Romans of a certain sense of rudeness—a certain native coarseness,—their best age was a short interval between two barbarisms. Under the Empire the colossal was *à la mode*; the master of the world could

only mount a very large and massive horse—this appears clearly in the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. This abominable taste lingered until the Middle Ages. Therefore it is not astonishing to find that some horsemen considered that the most desirable saddles were those barbed with iron, whose solidity was their first and only merit. In tournaments and tilts it was by weight that horses were judged. In war only heavy cavalry were known, such as Polybius ridiculed, picturing the manifest contradiction that there was between the two words. Have you heard, my lady, of a certain Jean Taquet who has written of horses? This Taquet wanted the neck round, fleshy from the lower jaw to the shoulders, that the animal might not have the fault of the horses of the Orient, whose necks bend too easily; for with the neck stiff and not at all flexible, the animal could turn it easily and all at once. A mechanical horse, and one that could be turned by a secret crank, would have been the delight of Taquet. The Duke of New Castle, one of the great masters in the art of horsemanship, scoffed at this fancy. The au-

thor of the Perfect Marshal would not have done less, and he would hardly have approved of those elephants on which Frederick William I. made his six-footed cavalry mount to the great displeasure of Frederick the Great, who, scarcely on the throne, hastened to reform these monstrous squadrons. But New Castle himself, and Solleysel as well, while they both refuted Jean Taquet on one point, were unwilling to abjure all the prejudices of that time. The great Buffon in his turn had nothing to do but translate in his magnificent style the rather tame prose of the *Perfect Marshal*, and in his portrait of the model horse, while attempting to estimate the Arabian horse at his proper value, gave the palm after all, to the European race. The full flanks, the round croup, the well filled haunch, these are the points, according to Buffon and Solleysel which make up the beauty of the animal. They argue with Columelle, that as far as possible, at a distance a horse ought to appear round. But the important point is the dislike that both—whether from their love of symmetry or their fear of what they call hardness of form—pro-

fess to have for the *reversed or stag's neck*. Each explains himself at length ; from the lower jaw to the chest the neck ought to descend in a slope, so that the upper part may be more advanced than the lower part, and that the superior and inferior lines of the neck may be two right lines forming the long sides of a truncated triangle. At the top of this inclined neck, they agree to place a small head with a narrow forehead, ears very near together, and thick at the point where they join. They have laid down the law for all future usage ; the smallness of the head, the slope of the neck, and the large croup, these are the three articles of their catechism ; in truth, this slope is very near to their heart.

“ “ “The inferior part of the neck ” said Buffon, “ought not to form any curve, but rather to incline forward ; if it were perpendicular it would be false.” And Solleysel, in his chapter on sculptured horses, scoffs at certain sculptors : you will see presently to whom he refers. These sculptors, according to him, not taking into account the fact that they leave too

much space between the ears of the horse, place the head absurdly high, not making it fall perpendicularly toward the front, and forgetting that the throat should be at least four fingers nearer to the lower jaw than to the side of the chest. "These poor wretches," said he, "give their horses stag's necks," for he returns always to that. He censures the painters of his time who imitate them. He says, "The only perfect horse ever produced from the hand of an artist is that of the great king in his portrait painted by Mignard." Go to see it at Versailles, and you will be overwhelmed when you look at it. There it is all, my lady; the slope, the straight lines drawn as by a chalk line, the great king, Mignard, Versailles, each detail holds and enchains you. Imagine, I beg of you, the great king on a Barb horse! He would be no better seated than the apes of Teniers would have been. If you wish the description of a horse which Buffon and the Perfect Marshal would criticize as defective, you will find it among Arabian writers; or better still, if you fear their metaphors, in a small treatise on horsemanship written at Athens,

probably between 399–395 B. C. The author, a captain, is a man of good sense, genial, ready, and skilled equally with the sword and pen, writing as they wrote in those times, that is to say, in a style which made imitators despair. He was in no wise a jockey, but a philosopher, and even introduced his philosophy into his treatise on horsemanship. This Xenophon, since we must call him by name, describing what he thinks the most beautiful type of horse, and the one which he advises his friends to possess, expresses himself curiously enough, just as the Arabs do, without their metaphors. The beauty that he seeks in a horse is that which accompanies and bespeaks agility and suppleness. That the horse may rise easily on the forequarters, he must be not only agile in the bending of the leg, but must have supple and short loins—thus the belly, a part which if too large makes the horse at once heavy and deformed, will appear small. Add to this, high withers, a full flank—a head hard and bony—ears small and far apart at the base, giving always a distinguished air, and you have the head of Buceph-

alus, a horse always highly prized by the Greeks ; for the name did not belong especially to Alexander's horse, but was common to an entire race. There should be no convexity in the forehead, no *testa di carnero* as Buffon would prefer, the fault I suppose of his having reflected too much on the subject, for let me ask you, my lady, how would this illustrious author himself have enjoyed the gift of this sheep's forehead, narrow and bulging, never considered the index of superior intelligence ? Add to this the large chest—prominent and muscular, and above all, note that, starting from the chest, the neck must not fall forward as in the boar, but it must rise toward the forelock. The neck of the horse must be hollowed out deeply underneath in the direction of the curve. Carrying the head thus, the horse will be less likely to pull hard, and will place the rider much more at his ease, whilst his spirited bearing will draw forth the admiration of all good judges. Thus speaks Xenophon : and Abd-el-Kader, describing the Barb horse, has said the same in more florid style. Well, madam, this horse

described by the Arabs, with the lean and at the same time undulating outlines—and with the reversed or ostrich neck, is precisely the horse which Buffon condemns. If you would allow me here to relieve my eloquence by the happy employment of a short apostrophe, I would cry, “Oh! Buffon, great genius, inspired painter of nature, you who rebel at the stag’s neck and strong lines of Xenophon’s horse, confess that the style of this captain seems hard, and that the meagre Attic graces displease you, on account of a certain irregularity which your frills and ruffles could never accept.” ’ ’ ’

“‘Doctor,’ said the Marquise, ‘enjoy your apostrophes as much as you please, but do not forget that I arrived sometime since, and am waiting for you.’ ‘Ah! my lady,’ said the Chevalier, ‘do not disturb his pleasure; since he himself has compared himself to a dog of the chase—see how he resembles at this very moment those whom his hero Xenophon has described. What has he said? *“Showing joy as soon as they have caught the trail, casting their eyes all about, betraying*

their ardor by the movement of the head and the changing positions of the body.” Again, “*they shoot forward, backward, their high spirits, their transports of joy, all betoken that they are on the eve of touching victory.*”

“I do more than touch it, I have forced the hare in his lair ; henceforth, he cannot escape me. To see the Barb horse, my lady, the horse of Xenophon, you have only to raise your eyes. He is precisely the horse of Phidias, the horse of the Parthenou, the horse that we celebrate.’

“ ‘At last,’ said she, sighing.

“ ‘Yes, my lady, this horse with the thick body and strongly marked contour, whose whole frame stands out in such surprising relief, I can only describe in borrowing the words of the Emir Abd-el-Kader—describing the Barb horse—“Horses,” said he, “although of one family, are of two different kinds—the first is the Arab race, to which belongs the Barb ; the second, is that of the *Beradins*.” You understand me, it is on the horse with the curve, the round horse, on the Beradin that Mignard has seated the great

king ; this is the horse who so enchanted the Perfect Marshal. " Note further," said the Emir, that " the greatest enemy of the horse is fat ! Let your horse have hollowed out flanks, free of flesh ; let him have three large points, the forehead, the chest and the croup ; let his back be short, his anterior limbs long ; let his ears resemble the frightened antelope in the midst of the herd ; let each of his nostrils resemble the den of the lion, the wind going out as he breathes ; let him have the neck and swiftness of the ostrich, the sharpness, the grace, the eye and the mouth of the gazelle." You see, my lady, that the Emir has himself described our horse exactly. Let me recall to you what he wrote to Gen. Daumas : " If in extending his neck, to drink in a low brook, a horse rests upright on his forelegs, without bending on one of his forefeet then he is perfectly in keeping ; he is a true born horse." And notice this brother of our horse a little further on to the right, just above your head, who, while waiting to be mounted, bends his long neck to the ground to chase away with his muzzle

an insect which stings his feet ; without appearing to, he answers to the description of the Emir. So the horse of Phidias is not a *Beradin*, it is a *Hoor*, a drinker of the air, a gazelle horse, and now you understand who are the sculptors, criticized so severely by Solleysel.'

“ ‘It seems to me that the doctor is right,’ said the Marchioness.

“ ‘The result of my demonstration,’ continued the Doctor, in a triumphant tone, ‘is that Phidias did not employ any process of eclecticism, and that he did not idealize the beauty of the horse by creating an ideal horse, or by conferring on him liberally the combined merits of numerous races.’

Here the Marchioness interrupted him again, saying :

“ ‘Tell us, Doctor, to arrive at your conclusion, was there any necessity to make use of all these detours and farthingales and tulips and apostrophes ? Assuredly you have made a rare discovery, and you are very generous to allow us to share it with you.

How, I ask, could this glorious friend of Pericles have been an eclectic? We allow that privilege to a Lysippus and a Mengs; but such fancies scarcely belong to Phidias or to Leonardo da Vinci. Ask our friend the Abbot, who rather appeared to scoff at you.'

"The Abbot had resumed his pose of the lion-headed goddess, quite in keeping with his face and physiognomy. If you wish to see the Abbot as I saw him at Athens, fancy a captive lion gradually grown accustomed to his cage. Crouching before the grating of his prison, the tawny animal sleeps with his eye half closed, but at intervals, haunted by some sudden vision of the desert—his mane rises erect—his heavy eyelid slowly opens—and his fiery eyeball shoots out a sudden flame.

"It was one of these glances that the Abbot darted forth, when he replied in a sombre voice to the Marquise :

"Assuredly the divine sculptor knew from birth that in art as in life—all which lives—all which is worthy of living, is composed not of separate parts

—but of parts cemented, united, touching each other—combined and joined into one and the same thing. He knew that hybridation—a process of the flower garden, has nothing to do with poetry and sculpture. He knew with scientific certainty that God is the Supreme Logician, and the principal effort of the wise should be to appropriate that logic—as Prometheus stole fire from Heaven. He knew above all, that a thing is only beautiful in its individual condition—that the form of a thing is its limitation—that if you suppress the limitations of being—you suppress its outlines. A certain Jew of my acquaintance has said “All determination is a negation.” Yes, the limits of being are sacred ; it is by that means that they manifest themselves ; free them from all which restrains, and you will find it is from existence itself that you have delivered them. Do not confound the indeterminate with the infinite. God himself would be but a vain phantom, if he did not possess the power to limit himself incessantly. It is the character of spirit. . . .’

“In uttering these words, the Abbot, who had unconsciously become animated—realized that we were gazing at him with open mouths. Suddenly his two great eyes half closing—he darted one of his lion glances at us. ‘Oh! poor worms of the earth,’ he cried apparently from his heart, like the lion of Marot.

“Then the Doctor took up the thread of his discourse again and finished it in the most studied manner.

“‘And now behold why the horses of Phidias are Barb horses! Acknowledge, my lady, that my eloquence has accomplished miracles. A moment ago it brought sleep to my lord—who complains constantly of insomnia, caused, he declares, by the climate of Athens—again, untying the tongue of the Abbot—it forces him to say more in one breath than he says ordinarily in one day.’

“Afterwards he added: ‘you speak admirably, Monsieur Abbot. True speculator that you are, you fly like the birds: as for me, I am content to walk, not being able to do anything better: in truth, I prefer

my own way, for although I have the highest regard for your speculations, I am enchanted to have verified with my eyes, aided by the slight analysis which you have heard, that our subject under discussion is a Barb horse—it is good in this world to be very sure. Only, what the Abbot could explain better than myself, my friends, is at what point Phidias, so far from seeking to modify the type that he represented—by adding foreign elements to his creation actually undertook to portray him more strictly than nature even could do, and consequently was, if I dare to say so, more natural than nature herself! As for borrowed majesty, and the magnificence of attitudes—do not attempt to seek them here, but at Versailles, on the canvas of Mignard. In the Barb horse, in the horse of Phidias, what strikes and arrests the attention and astonishment is the concentrated strength, which the more it is restrained the more it overpowers.'

“ At this point of his discourse, leaving his place to lean against one of the columns of the portico, and pointing with his finger to the metope, ‘ Raise your

eyes,' he said, 'and gaze on him, if you can stand the dazzling effect of the sunlight on the marble! He is all muscle and nerve; we forget that his is not living flesh. Look at the trembling folds of the neck, as they stand out at the line of the curve. Look at those distended veins which mark the birth of the belly, the limbs pawing the air, the lean head and arched neck. Throughout—strength, power and ardor are exhibited. He trembles, he rises erect, his nostrils are smoking, his eye is on fire. If he began to neigh, the temple would shake on its foundations, and if he ran away But fear not, the sculptor holds the rein, is master of himself. The procession in which he is about to join will not be troubled, for faithful to the genius of his race, this horse is the most intelligent, the most cautious, the most spiritual of all horses. Oh! my well beloved Barb, who could adequately sound your praises. When Hannibal, according to Polybius, had arrived at the summit of the Alps, he decided to make a halt of two days to wait for the laggards who wandered here

and there among the ravines and passes of the mountains, but the Numidian horses, with their penetrating eyes discovering the path of the army, won their way back and enabled all to rejoin Hannibal before the set time for resuming the march had come. And thou wast a Barb! I would stake my life on it thou glorious Aura of the Corinthian Pheidolas, who losing thy rider at the very beginning of the race, didst not stop to wait for him, but jealous for his honor, continued the course, turned at the goal, came back with bridle hanging, to the starting post, and triumphantly presented thyself with bowed head before the presiding officials, to receive from their hands the sacred crown. What nonsense to bring Mignard's palfrey into competition with ours! Our horse is wonderfully conscious of where he is, and what he does; he has divined long since that he is about to take part in the festival of Minerva. If he rises under the hand, it is to display his graces. A little child can walk boldly in front of him and have nothing more to fear than the breath of his lion-like nostrils. Do you know what that horse

is? He is a soul; yes, truly, only so can he be described. Why are you astonished? Xenophon recognized that there is a soul in the horse, and was rather set at nought by those English veterinary surgeons of a past age, who refused the noble animal even a brain. The soul of the horse! that word occurs continually in Xenophon's Treatise. "The most important part of a horse to know is his soul." He requires it to be proud but generous, ardent but controlling its fire; he says to the rider who wishes to excel "Be careful, thou wilt only succeed if thy horse has some soul."

"The soul is certainly not wanting in this horse of Phidias. This horse is not, as we are (if we must believe the catechism), composed of a body and soul. His body is indeed his soul. Soul appears throughout, from the raised ear to the lifted tail. Would you contrast him with some of the finest horses in the world? There are none equal to him. Do you recall those horses outlined in red chalk by Leonardo da Vinci? You saw them prancing, trotting, galloping, on the Ambrosian road, sketched from the front,

and in profile. Do you recollect among others a certain apocalyptic horse mounted by a devil armed with a whip? Do you remember those bony limbs, that back and infinite belly, the scattered and flowing mane, the heavy jaw, the formidable grin of the mouth which breathes fire, all harmonizing so wonderfully with the diabolical horn on the forehead? Everything about him combines to give the animal an expression of frightful beastliness. And behold how genius imprints the seal of unity and harmony on her works, and how the Leonardos, and the Phidian School derived from God that logic of which the Abbot boasts.

“‘And moreover,’ continued he, lowering his voice, ‘at moments that horse up there, that gracious, noble, generous courser, dare I say it? inspires me almost with a secret fear, a fear very different from any that one could feel for the horse of Leonardo. He is so true, so natural, that as I said before, one forgets that he is made of stone. At times the illusion is complete. As was the case with you, my lady, one sees his head move, his limbs tremble, his

muscles swell, his eyes flash—you find yourself imagining that you have seen him before—not on the frieze of a temple, but sporting on the plain, with that proud and spirited air that Xenophon describes, or as the Arabs would say, with the indolent and superb gait of a sultan—you have seen him galloping on the edge of a precipice—or breathing the air of the mountains with dilated nostrils. Yet the longer you gaze on him, the more the certainty forces itself upon you that this horse, so natural, and so lifelike, has never come under the touch of the hand of nature, that he can never meet his equal in the pastures of Thessaly, or in the solitudes of the desert. What shall I say? There is something in him which makes you shudder. This horse, after all, is he really a horse? He has something of the human in his expression. Yes, there is something of a man, or something grander than man. As we speak of him, he looks at us, he judges us, he compares proudly in the depths of his soul, his immortal vigor and our weakness, his divine joys and our miseries. What if this horse were a god,

and not a horse? But why should we fear? As we gaze, we ourselves shorten the distance which separates us from him—our thoughts rise, his strength and beauty penetrate the inmost recesses of our soul. Small though we are, we fear him no more, but filled with admiration, can only exclaim, “Thou art the force which knows and possesses itself. Thou art the beauty which enjoys itself. Thou art that which is best and most precious in humanity!”

“When the Doctor had thus terminated his peroration, the Marquise complimented him on his discourse, the end of which had surpassed her expectations. She assured him that although she had questioned until then his faculty for admiring the Barb, she was now forced to retract. ‘Meanwhile, I suspect,’ she added, ‘that your enthusiasm was less for the horse than for your own demonstration, which seems to be entirely satisfactory to you. Ah! La Fontaine has well said :

“Son fait consistait en adresse ;
Quelques termes de l’art, beaucoup de hardiesse,

Du hasard quelque fois, tout cela concourait,
 Tout cela bien souvent faisait crier miracle.”*

“‘But surely, Doctor, it cannot be denied but that you have a great fund of generosity ; truly, you are not bitter. You have glorified Barb horses. Yet meanwhile, if my memory serves me, a certain mischance happened to you with one of them.’

“‘Oh ! my lady, I beg of you, forget that,’ interrupted he. ‘I have pardoned him. Although G eronte excused Scapin he did not like to recall the blows which But believe me, madam, I have now finished. Let us awake my lord, for the sun has found us here, and we had better move to the other side of the colonnade.’

“‘Saying this, he drew my lord gently by the arm, who trembling rubbed his eyes, opened them, and looking at us, said :

“‘My friends, I am very glad that you have awakened me, for I was having bad dreams, while I

*His deed consisted in address
 Some terms of art—and much boldness—
 In chance sometimes—and all combined—
 To make one often say—a miracle.

slept. As the Doctor was talking of Nysæan horses, I dreamed that the Marquise sent me to Persia with a commission to buy one. After superhuman efforts I had the satisfaction of putting my hand on some superb hackneys, that I determined it would be my pleasure to present to her. On the way home the unfortunate beasts faded away before my eyes, and when I arrived I could only offer to my niece worn out and miserable nags, wind broken and foundered. Judge of the reception that she gave me.' ”

CHAPTER III.

“When we were installed at the north extremity of the portico, the Marquise said to the Chevalier, ‘I see, Monsieur, that you are very anxious to speak. Begin then, I invite you; only I entreat you to avoid sallies of wit, emphasis, declamation, ambitious flights of fancy, ambiguities, a florid and picturesque style, cloudiness, vagueness, bombast and all sorts of rigmaroles. Be clear, concise, say what you want to say without dwelling upon it from noon to midnight—after

the manner of our dear Doctor. These are the recommendations which my grandmother gave me when I was making ready to recite to her. I see her now with her large lace head dress, and her yellow ribbons. She adored yellow, and pretended that all good language had the color of the jonquil. She also wrote on the title page of every book that pleased her this sentence from her favorite poet.

“Et la jonquille eucor

Offre a mon œil ravi la paleur de son or.”

“On the other hand, red and sky blue rasped her nerves. My grandmother was charming. She had a romantic turn which enchanted me. In my childhood I went to see her every day in the dusk of the evening. Her great delight was to tell me short stories whilst she plaited my hair in Chinese fashion. She would place a screen before the lamp and sing:

* *“La près de douce bergère
Beau pastoureau parle d'amour,
Derobe un instant ta lumiere !
Il leur suffit d'un demi—jour.”*

*Thus near the gentle shepherdess
The beautiful young shepherd speaks of love,
Take away an instant the light
It suffices them to have twilight.

Then tying up my hair, she would say "Go on, little one ; it is your turn now ; tell me a story and put jonquils in it."

"That grandmother,' said my lord aside to me, 'was an insupportable fool, and she it was with her jonquils and her pastorals who first began to derange the mind of the Marquise. It is impossible to tell you how she bored me.'

"And you were aware of it ?"

"Scarcely out of my room it would attack me like a stroke of apoplexy.'

"So M. Chevalier,' the Marquise continued : 'if you care to do so, try the yellow style. In any event avoid figures of speech and apostrophes. If you repeat the exploits of Aura, tell them simply, as Xenophon would have done, "Aura lost her rider in the beginning of the race," and do not cry out like a ranter, "Oh ! incomparable Aura, thou who having lost thy rider didst conquer, etc." This style of speaking is marvellous in the mouth of a gendarme arresting a criminal in the street. "Oh wretch, thou hast made me run ; behold

thymself caught at last." But the gendarmes—though very useful people in their way—when it comes to a matter of eloquence—are not masters of the art. Above all, be as brief as possible. And you gentlemen, for your part, do not interrupt him—for if you do, we shall be here until almost nightfall—which would upset Ugly entirely, for I have promised him to be back before he has finished his siesta.' The Chevalier preparing to speak, stroked his chin, ran his fingers through his hair, looked at a cameo ring on the index finger of his left hand, and then began as follows :

“My lady, I am unfortunate enough not to know the theory of the yellow style of writing, but since you like precision and clearness, to please you, I will try to be clear and precise. To this end I will not wrap the plan of my discourse in mysterious obscurity, nor will I give you one of those visions of eloquence in which logic,

Enlacée et roulée en feston,

Tourne comme un rébus autour d'un mirliton.*

*Entwined and enrolled in a garland
Revolves like a rebus around a reed-pipe.

I do not possess the art of serving to order a dènoûement well cooked. I shall explain to you as clearly as possible, what I propose to demonstrate. I agree with what has been said. Our horse was a Barb, but that is not enough to have determined to what race he belongs. Phidias has not represented on the frieze of the Parthenon the wild *Hoor*—the drinker of air on the Desert of Sahara, but the Barb adopted by Greece—living in Greece—and trained to the principles of Grecian horsemanship.

“Grecian art was art in its second power. Thanks to an education founded on gymnastics and music—the national life—that the poets and sculptors reproduce in their works, was itself originally derived from poetry and sculpture. The genius, the customs, and the culture of the people, have the same relation to the artist who is inspired by them, that a practical workman outlining a statue bears to the sculptor who is to finish it. In Greece the practical workman who dug out the material that the professional artist used in his work, had himself the soul of an artist. It is this

that makes me say that Greek art was art in its second power. And now let us return to the horse—the Barb courser trained according to the method of Simon and of Xenophon was a veritable work of art, and Phidias in his equestrian sculpture in glorifying the æsthetic character of Greek horsemanship has only reproduced it. Starting with this principle I will be able to correct two propositions advanced by the Doctor. In defining our horse he has said that he has a soul ; he has added also that this soul has something human in it, which surprises and confounds. I shall demonstrate that our noble Barb, my lady, owns only half of a soul, and that that humanity, which appears in him, is not a miracle, but a natural phenomenon—of which the artist himself furnishes the explanation. Having proved this much, I shall feel that I have added something to the eulogies that have been bestowed upon the chef-d'œuvre.'

“‘Well,’ said the Marquise, ‘truly I do not see any jonquils yet ; I must confess your style seems even a little obscure. I beg of you—let there be no mathe-

matical formulas, for I have never in my life been able to say my tables correctly, and algebra is a closed book to me.'

“‘It is very difficult to satisfy you,’ said the Chevalier, evidently somewhat annoyed, ‘but if you will have the patience to listen, I flatter myself you will not have difficulty in understanding me.’ The Marquise inclined her head profoundly, and the Chevalier continued as follows :

“‘On the west front of the Parthenon, so cruelly stripped by Lord Elgin, and where the only figures which are left at the present day are those of Cecrops and his daughter—the sculptor, whether Alcámenes or Phidias, I know not which, has sketched, as Pausanias tells us, the quarrel between Neptune and Minerva—when they were disputing the possession of Attica—and the right to name the new born city. Choosing among several traditions that one which seemed to furnish the happiest motive to his art—the sculptor represented the horse springing from the earth at the word of Neptune, but on the instant

subdued by the powerful hand of Minerva. Under the eyes of her irritated rival—Minerva harnessed him without effort to a chariot mounted by Erechtheus and Victory. This legend explains to us why it is that the horse is consecrated to two divinities, one of whom gave him to man, while the other taught man the art of training and making him useful. Why the birth of the horse was referred to Neptune is very simple: the worship of this god according to Herodotus passed from Africa into Greece—it was from Attica that, by the enterprise of the Phoenicians, the horse was brought to the Hellenic peninsula. I could bring forward more than one proof of this:—we know, for a certainty, that the Phoenicians who established trading posts along the shores of Greece, carried on a great business in African horses—but, my lady appearing to dislike quotations, I will not abuse my privilege, and will spare her the fatigue of following me through the details of a demonstration, which after all might seem idle to her. It suffices that Neptune and the horse having come to Greece from the same

region and by the same route, it was natural that the legend should represent the god as giving birth to the horse by striking with his trident on the rock of the Acropolis, or according to the version of Lucan, on a mountain in Thessaly. This much is certain, however, that by general consent of the Greeks, the horse was always held to be a foreign importation. In the divining art of the Telmissians the horse was employed as a symbol to designate foreign nations. Tradition varied considerably as to the part which should be attributed to Neptune in the training of the horse. Some insisted that the donor of the most precious of quadrupeds must have been the first instructor—others on the contrary believed that the god of the waves had given the horse to man still wild—trembling and furious as the winds and waves. They added further, that, angry at the bold hands which had dared to touch his work, and to force to obedience this indomitable soul—into which he had breathed something of the genius of the tempests, the god was pleased to disconcert the calculations of this criminal art in spreading among

herds of horses that *wild and wandering spirit*, which is the despair of horsemen. In several places altars were raised to Neptune, the frightener of horses, *Poseidon Taraxippus*,* and efforts were made by sacrifices to dissipate this fatal influence, of which Hippolytus was the most famous and the most deplorable victim.

La frayeur les emporte ; et, sourds a cette fois,
 Ils ne connaissent plus ni le frein, ni la voix ;
 En efforts impuissans leur maitre se consume,
 Ils rongissent le mors d'une sanglante écume ;
 On dit qu'on a vu même, en ce desordre affreux,
 Un dieu qui d'aiguillous pressait leur flanc poudreux. †

*Poseidon, the name of Neptune among the Greeks. He was a brother of Zeus, Hades, Hera, Hestia and Demeter, and it was determined by law that he should rule over the sea. The palace of Poseidon was in the depth of the sea, where he kept his horses with brazen hoofs and golden manes. With these horses he rode in a chariot over the waves of the sea, which became smooth as he approached, and the monsters of the deep recognized him and played around his chariot.

A statue of this deity was placed near the Race Ground at Elis, and his protection was implored that no harm might happen to the horses during the games.

† "Fear lends them wings ; deaf to his voice for once
 And heedless of the curb, they onward fly ;
 Their master wastes his strength in efforts vain
 With foam and blood each courser's bit is red ;
 Some say a god amid the wild disorder,
 Is seen with goads pricking their dusty flanks."

Racine—Phédra, Act V ; Scene 3.

“‘Oh ! Heavenly Wisdom, *Pallas Athena*, in whom force is united with prudence, was it not natural to attribute to you the honor of having checked the fire and chained the will of the most ardent and the most willing of animals ?’

“ This apostrophe escaped so involuntarily from the enthusiastic Chevalier, that the Marquise was not scandalized. She had grown attentive, and her tranquillity communicated itself to all except my lord, who made vain efforts to choke his convulsive yawns.

“ ‘Let us recall,’ continued the Chevalier, ‘the surprise mingled with terror that the Mexicans and the Peruvians felt at the sight of the first horses brought into the New World by the conquering Spaniards. We shall not then be astonished that the Greeks honored the divinity who subjugated the horse even more than the one who created him—nor that the Athenians were glad to refer the glory of having successfully bridled and saddled the horse to that divine virgin—who represented so peculiarly their character and national civilization. This is not to

infer that the equestrian art as practiced by the Greeks was created at once complete in all its parts. The Greeks were not originators, their institutions—in germ and outline—came from other countries. Their customs, usages, laws, arts, sciences, their industries, even their gods—all were derived primarily from the Orient—but at the hands of these skilful people however, everything was transformed, improved, made more beautiful; they stamped what they borrowed with the seal of their remarkable genius: they were more original if possible in their imitations than the originators whose lines they followed—the East had outlined, the Greeks brought all to perfection. Witness what their sculptors made of the shapeless divinities that Africa, Phœnicia and Egypt had bequeathed to them, sublime metamorphosis, which makes it well nigh impossible to recognize in the virgin of the Parthenon and her glorious shield, the Libyan Neith* and her goatskin. And, I

*Among the attributes of Minerva, some of those appertaining to the Egyptian Neith have been intermingled. The

ask, which of the races of Greece, can dispute with the Athenians this art of appropriating and perfecting everything? Xenophon says of them, that thanks to their sway of the sea, which enabled them to speak the languages of all peoples, and to study at their leisure all manners and customs, they were able to attain for themselves a happy mingling of all that could be known among Greeks and Barbarians!

“ In spite of my wrapt attention I had a distraction at this stage of the lecture, which hindered me from following it. From my position I perceived one of the caryatides of the small tribune of the Erechtheum. The incomparable grace of that antique virgin absorbed me for a few moments. When I came out

worship of Neith was brought by a colony from Sais to Athens, and Neith received from Phtha the web of nature, and labored upon its mysterious tissue. How comes it that Minerva, who disdains not employments of so peaceful a nature, can be also the goddess of war and of combat? It is because the casts of warriors in Egypt were consecrated to Neith, as soon as they carried on their rings the scarabæus, her symbol. Why does Minerva arrayed in other respects with all the attributes of ideal beauty, bear on her ægis the frightful visage of Medusa? The Gorgons head is here nothing more than that urn of the Nile, surmounted with a

of my revery the Chevalier was discussing the equipment of the horse. The Greeks rode without stirrups, bare back, or on a saddle consisting of a single panel of sheep-skin, or often of a piece of cloth folded several times, and so forming a pillion. This according to the Chevalier came from the Phœnicians, and was formerly in usage on the Asiatic and African coasts of the Mediterranean. Here he endeavored to show the very recent origin of the present harnessing of a horse among the Arabs. The very large stirrups into which they thrust the whole foot, and on which the whole weight of the body is carried, their saddle *à kerbouss* and with a cantle, all of this they borrowed from the false civilization of the Lower Empire.

human head, and surrounded with serpents, which in Egypt continued a mute and impressive symbol, while in Greece it became the subject of a poetical and lengthy narrative. Thus the Greek Minerva is originally a compound of incoherent ideas drawn from different mythologies and collected together from distant lands.

And yet from this same combination of attributes there results a divinity perfectly conformed to the spirit of the Greek

“The saddle bow, pommel and cantle were invented in Constantinople, apparently toward the middle of the fourth century. Even later than this the stirrup came into use, appearing for the first time in the Treatise on the Art of War, written by the Emperor Maurice, at the end of the sixth century. These Byzantine innovations spread everywhere. It is beyond question, that the Turks, for example—adopted with the saddles and spurs, all the administrative forms of the Lower Empire—and many a usage which seems little in accord with their primitive genius. So powerful is the influence of Byzantium, so great is her prestige and sway over man! Under the same influence spreading by degrees, the Barbarians of the West, among whom formerly, according to Tacitus, it was held in dishonor, adopted the saddle with spurs. This polytheism, a divinity elegant of mien, passionate, majestic, who descends occasionally to earth, mingles in the affairs of men, and persecutes or protects heroes. In order to render her more completely indigenous, Arcadia is assigned as her native land, and she is fabled to have seen the light in the City of Aliphera. Finally the olive is given her as her favorite tree, and from henceforth she is completely Grecian. In this way every trace of her foreign origin is made to disappear. Nothing can be

saddle with its trappings formed a sort of packing case, into which the rider fitted up to his loins. The ancient Greeks took no interest in such innovations; they believed that the rider, deprived of ease by an artificial position, would seek the solidity of his seat in his own erect position, and in his own balance. In the eighteenth century when La Guèrinière reformed horsemanship, he returned to the antique in doing away with the trappings of the saddle with stirrups. On the same principle, the Greeks could not persuade themselves to use stirrups. As for the cavalier of the Middle Ages, very ridiculous were his stiff legs, kept at a distance from the horse, and only by jerks coming closer. With the Greeks the great point was the adherence and fixedness of the knee; the principal

more different than the Neith of Egypt and the Minerva of the Iliad, and no one would ever recognize the goddess who protects Diomedes and Ulysses in one of those secret affairs of nature, personified by the priests of Egypt and Phœnicia.

As regards the Greek name of Minerva, it may be remarked that it would seem to be of Egyptian origin, and formed from the name of Neith, by inverting the order of the letters. The Latin appellation Minerva is derived from the Etrurian Menfra.—*Redford's Ancient Sculpture.*

part of the body being erect, or leaning slightly forward, below the knee the limb must hang loose and free, so that if being lax, it were to be knocked, it would yield, and the thigh would not be hurt. Need I add that nobility of position and grace of posture were as much required of the horseman as of the gymnast. It belonged to the Greeks, a people most sensible to natural beauties, to discover the theory and perfect the practice of the art of horsemanship. The Athenians who neither at Marathon nor at Platœa had any cavalry, very soon developed it when they felt the need, just as they had with their marine service. It was but a short time until their exhibitions of horsemanship proved the most beautiful ornaments of their fêtes. Everyone knows the rôle that their cavalcades played in the Panathenaic procession. In a short time the breeding and education of horses became the study and intense admiration of the *jeunesse dorée*. To be admitted into a fashionable club, to frequent the school of Gorgias, and to run, such were the marks by which the élite of Athens were recognized, the horse

being as important an accessory to polite life as the political club, and the skilled rider not less aristocratic than the sophist. So thought the brilliant youth of that day, and this inordinate taste for the turf drew deep sighs from the poor Strepsiade, for it engrossed his son Phidippides*, to such a degree that even in his sleep he dreamed of stables, steeple chases and *koppatias*. Just here my eyes fell on the caryatides ; again, I indulged in a second revery longer than the first. When I broke away from the distraction, the Chevalier was saying :

“ ‘Horsemanship is linked closely with education ; in fact, it is only a chapter of education ; as the child is trained, so in the same way is the horse. Read at the same time Plato on the formation of man’s character, and Xenophon quoting Simon’s practical theories for training a horse. You will find in each the same principles and methods. Athenian education

*A celebrated courier, who ran from Athens to Lacedæmon, a distance of about 152 English miles, in two days, to ask of the Lacedæmons assistance against the Persians. The Athenians raised a temple to his memory.

was as different as possible from that of the Middle Ages, and from that asceticism, which, putting nature under the ban, blasted happiness with anathemas, and extolled sadness, harshness and hair-cloth, enjoining man to smother his passions under the ashes of penitence, and to present to God as an acceptable offering the researches of a heart cruelly bent on self-torment and self-destruction. From a wiser standpoint and respecting the laws and necessities of human nature, Athenian education disciplined without restraining ; it did not favor that intense virtue which courts the self-abnegations of a life deprived of enjoyment. Athenian education leaned rather toward that voluntary and easy submission to law and order, that is the portion of hearts, which by a careful training of the reasoning faculty, have learned to take pleasure in obedience, and to conform inclination to duty. Nourished with the milk of that ancient prudence, souls grew freely : there was no effort to restrain, or repress, nor in fact to control them in any way : there was no attempt to slacken their

fire, nor weaken the source ; there was no fear that their strength would wax into violence, nor their transports into fury. An intuitive gentleness, combined with a natural enthusiasm, and a measure of passion, modified their desires so that they were never unreasonable ; masters in self-control, they resisted the allurements of fancy without effort. They sighed for goodness, as corrupt souls covet evil pleasures. Nothing was studied with them, there was no affectation, no constraint, and no stiffness. To the calm and strong resolution of mature age, they joined a charming simplicity and a kindly frankness, which perpetuated in them the graces of childhood, and gave to their virtues an air of eternal youth. Capable of everything, they prided themselves on nothing : their wisdom was their happiness and their health : they fled from disorder as they would from suffering ; they avoided carefully all that would injure their beauty. A secret rhythm controlled their subtlest movements, vibrating in the depth of these well governed souls, like the gentle sound of a fête, in which a divinity

crowned with flowers was the supreme influence. Listen to Plato addressing his fellow-citizens, whom he seldom or never flattered: "When these Athenians are good"—he says—"they are good to the highest degree; in truth they are the only people who do not owe their virtue to an enforced training: their goodness—in a way—is innate: perhaps it would be better to say it is a gift from the gods, free and unvarnished!" This same Plato reveals to us the secret of that national education which produces such beautiful results. "There is no animal," said he, "whose tongue or body when young is in repose; all young animals make an incessant effort to move and cry: some jump and leap about, dancing or frolicking as if from unbounded pleasure: others fill the air with a thousand different cries; but no animal carries *within itself* a sense of order, the effect of which is perceptible. They are ignorant by nature of what we call measure and harmony. These qualities belong to the divinities who preside at our fêtes: we owe to the Muses, and Apollo and Bacchus, our consciousness of

sentiment and harmony, together with that of pleasure. Pleasure under the direction of the gods—rules our movements—and teaches us to form between one another a kind of link by the union of our songs and dances.” You see the Athenian education sent souls to study virtue at the school of beauty. Observing carefully their natural movements, it submitted them to the gentle rule of harmony, and thus enlisted music in the training of the passions.

“ ‘ Exactly what Plato prescribes for the child, Xenophon recommends for the training of the horse ; not to force, not to bring him into subjection by brutal methods, but to break him in gradually, to supple him and to develop by degrees his natural qualities, above all to make him take pleasure in marks of submission, in feats of strength and gentleness, that are required of him, to render obedience more agreeable to him than resistance : in a word to inspire him with the consciousness of measure and harmony, as well as with that of pleasure, and in his own way, to teach him music. This is, according to Xenophon, the way in

which a horse can be best trained. This system would have seemed odd indeed to the horsemen of the Middle Ages: they were not concerned about giving joy to the horse. They forgot that intelligence and a desire for happiness could enter into his composition. The care and attention that they did not trouble themselves to bestow on children, they could hardly be expected to show for colts. Moreover, horsemanship, as an art, was unknown in the Middle Ages: like most other arts it did not reappear in the West until the epoch of the Renaissance, and was first cultivated in the country which rescued it from antiquity. The author of that revival was a Neapolitan gentleman, Federigo Grison. At Naples and at Rome the first equestrian academies were founded: after Grison appeared Pignatelli, whose teachings were propagated in France by his disciples la Broue and Pluvinel. But it is noteworthy that moderns were very slow in accepting ancient methods. What Montaigne wrote on this point in the sixteenth century was practically lost in the void. In order that the genius of the Renaissance should do

justice to the methods, follies and prejudices which had so long dishonored pedagogy, it was necessary for Jean Jacques to appear in open attack on the close relationship between the instruction of men and horses. It was a contemporary of Jean Jacques, La Guérinière, who succeeded in making the rules of nature, and of the Greeks available for horsemanship. The famous Grison, a great man in his generation, and who seems to have followed Xenophon on more than one point had not succeeded in abolishing that brutality which was still the custom of his time, wedded, I can hardly say how, to the study of a refined politeness. He knew no better than to recommend violent and frequent use of the spur to arouse the action, and supple the hind-quarters: to deaden the fire of the horse, he recommended running long distances at a furious pace: he treated the horse not as a friend but as a slave, whose caprices and resistance it was necessary to reduce without pity. "I advise you" he writes, "when the horse is stubborn, when he tosses his head, rises on his hind legs, or pulls on the bridle, or in

case of other notable faults, to chastise him with a loud and terrible voice, and say angrily, in a loud threatening voice—whoa there ! whoa there—call him a wretch, a brute, whatever comes to your mind, but speak harshly !”

“‘Is not this the very picture of those school-masters, crazy with anger, whom Montaigne reprimanded, and who compelled him to say “What a curious way of arousing an appetite for their lessons in these tender and timid souls—this of guiding them with a frightful tongue, and armed with a whip !” Far otherwise spoke the wise student of Socrates on the banks of the beautiful Cephissus, to his horse. It is safe to say that in that school, as Montaigne would have had it, Joy, Mirth, Flora and the Graces ruled the movements : like Montaigne, he inculcated in theory and practice, that the principal recreations of the scholar should in kind be in harmony with his instructions. Hear him recommend that the training of the colt should be such as to make him a friend of man ; a lover of man ; a *philanthropist* ; and to this end he

advises that he shall never be allowed to suffer save when alone, all cause of uneasiness being removed by the presence and thoughtful care of his master. "Thus" said he, "he will learn to enjoy and even to desire the presence of man. Let great care also be taken to change the place, and limit the duration of his work. The result will be that the horse will learn not to worry, and will do what is demanded of him with greater pleasure. As soon as you have won from him a token of obedience, be careful to show your gratification, by according him some relaxation, or making him do something that he likes to do. And besides: "Bad treatment only produces awkward and defective positions; with horses, nothing is gained by anger; for anger foresees nothing, and what it does by force is always followed by repentance: The first point is to avoid everything which frets the animal: abruptness troubles an impatient horse, as sudden noises and surprises trouble man; it is the horse's nature to worry at everything sudden and unexpected. If he becomes fiery, to master him

it is only necessary to draw the reins gently, and not suddenly ; to bring him in gradually, and without violence. When you see that he carries his head high, and enjoys the light hand, it is well not to fret him by making him work harder, but on the contrary to caress him, as though he were about to stop work.”* Does he not echo Jean Jacques censuring the brutality of the *porte férule race*? And what would Xenophon have thought of those great bleeding cuts, made by the frightful spur of the Arabs on the flanks of their unyielding or restive horses, or of those furious cries of Grison—“ *Wretch ! Brute ! Turn !*”—And withal, this Grison was a man of sense on more than one point ; in certain ways wiser even than his successors and disciples. He did not limit instruction in horsemanship to the four walls of a stable or school. To lighten the forequarters, and to force the horse to lift his feet, he advised exercising him in freshly ploughed fields, on stony roads, or in the running streams of

* The Chevalier here quotes from memory and most faithfully this inimitable translation from Paul Louis Courier.

water. After him horsemanship lost ground ; columns and walls became the great engines of equestrian education : Pluvinel, and later, the Duke of New Castle, put all their energies into the study of those famous supplings, the excess of which are so inimical to the grace of the horse, as everything must be which forces nature. It was not until the eighteenth century that prescriptions dictated by common sense regained their sway. "I have seen," wrote Gaspard Saulnier, trainer of the University of Leyden, in 1756, "I have seen horse-trainers who pushed their exaggerations so far as to bend the neck of the horse until his head touched the foot of the rider ; they thought themselves wonder workers and exceedingly skilful, and they really passed for such with the public." And la Guérinière, the Jean Jacques of the horse, complained bitterly of those "partisans of affected accuracy, who deadened the courage of the animal, and took from him all the gentleness that nature had given him." After him, the d'Abzacs, valuing but slightly the bend in half circle, or the half bend in arc, and abandoning that

limited work to which horsemanship was reduced, brought back freer gaits, reduced to their proper place the dancings and prancings, the low passage and the gallop on two tracks, and conformed themselves without doubt to the traditions of Greece—preferring the horse that shiues on the turf, in the chase or in battle, to the one whose whole merit is in the parade.

“ ‘In his book of *Laws* Plato takes the ground that it is only necessary to turn the taste and the inclination of the child toward the proper object—in order to induce him to educate himself by means of his recreations. He defines education as a well understood discipline which—by way of amusement—leads the soul of the child to love that which—when he is grown—will have fitted him for the calling which he shall choose. Just so Xenophon teaching horsemanship, never lost sight of the purpose for which the horse was inteded to use his powers. If the horse is born to run, if it is a race horse that he proposes to make, the treatment that he recommends is the training used to-day in England, and which none but those

who like obesity can condemn. Xenophon is not satisfied with the exercises of the riding school: he wants also the open country, away from the high roads. To dart up the hillocks, to descend from them with a bound, to run the rapid inclines, down into the valleys or uphill, or obliquely, these are, by his ruling, the exercises that the rider ought above all to practice. He approves even of the descending gallop, as the Persians and the Odrysians did, and as the Georgians do to-day; which is rendered less dangerous however, by shoes without irons. The horse that pleases him is quick, easy to mount, possessing strength, good will, fine aids, a tender and loyal mouth, with an assured and well raised step, ready and elastic movements, starting out swiftly when it is necessary, making short and steady stops, lively, ardent, warming up under the hand, and capable of making long runs, but as easy to hold in as to push forward, and joining to an indefatigable vigor, freedom and variety of gait. As for the volt, he knows scarcely anything but the half-volt by which the

passage terminates, and the exercise of accustoming the horse to turn in both hands. Philopœmen, who according to Polybius, reformed the Achaian cavalry which had fallen into decadence—added little to these instructions. Not that Xenophon refuses to give attention to the parade, or that he condemns high movements or cadenced gaits—he does not care: anything, which serves to display the grace of the horse he approves—in fact, he gives necessary instructions to those who desire a horse to go through certain movements; but he takes pains to say that, all horses not being susceptible of these turnings and leapings, only those should be trained who join to a noble soul a supple and vigorous body. He would have approved of Bourgelat, who remarks in his *New Newcastle*, that there is no universal horse which handles equally well in the passage, at a short canter, pacing, dancing, or curvetting. Each according to his particular disposition responds to the movement which he likes best. To require leaping from the beginner, would be as

ridiculous as to pretend to teach all men alike the pirouette and fancy dancing—

“ ‘Xenophon was from Athens ; Athens was the one city in the world where the greatest amount of originality in opinions and customs was encouraged—nowhere was the yoke of conventional manners and received prejudices less tyrannical ; nowhere was moral tolerance pushed so far—in Athens each man was free to fashion his character and rule his life conformably to his tastes and his humor—and this respect for individual character we find in what Xenophon says of horses, and in the attention that he gives to varying the education, according to their qualities and their innate aptitudes ; he proscribes severely all exercises contrary to what the horse is calculated to do by nature : he wishes to develop the natural graces of the horse, not to allow artificial movements and affectations that are contrary to good taste. Once again, not to force nature, but to consult her continually, to follow and to cultivate her, that is the principle from which he never separates.

“ “ “ If a horse is to appear to advantage, be careful not to torment him by drawing the bridle or by pricking him with the spur or starting him with the whip. This is often done to produce a brilliant effect ; but the result is just contrary to what we expect. Thus maltreated, the horse will dislike work, and far from having grace, will show only ugliness and chagrin in what he does. Led, on the contrary, by a light hand—raising his neck—and throwing back his head with grace he will take the proud and noble gait with which he is naturally pleased, for when he comes near to other horses—above all if they are females—it is then that he raises his neck the most, throws back his head with a superb and brilliant air, lifts his limbs gently, and carries his tail high.” And after adding a few words on the method of producing the most brilliant gaits in the horse, he adds, “ If having been trained to it, at the same time that he is reined up, one of the fine aids is used, held by the bit, excited by the movements on the fore, he throws out the chest and raises his fore legs high ; but if after having inflamed

him, the reins are loosened, by the same ease that he experiences in finding himself free from the bit, he throws back his head proudly—moves his limbs with grace, and takes absolutely the same air as when he finds himself near other horses. The lookers-on at that moment call him generous, noble, courageous, full of fire, superb.” This he never tires of reiterating. He quotes Simon on the same point “ What a horse does by force he does not learn : it is as impossible to teach him in this way, as to teach a man to dance by the blows and stings of a whip : The thing, then, is to train him to do willingly what he does naturally—when he wishes to appear well : by use of the right methods, he will display himself as of his own accord, to the best advantage. And if you could but realize it, the horse in his natural movements is so beautiful and gracious—so amiable—that when he rises thus under the hand of the rider—he attracts the attention of everyone : it is almost impossible for old or young to take their eyes away ; indeed you will never tire of admiring him, when he has developed in his

movements this grace and gentleness. Such," he adds, "are the horses that are represented as carrying gods and heroes, and those who know how to handle them, cover themselves with honor.

"As you have already been told, my lady, such is the horse of Phidias, to which we consecrate these discourses; to describe him, it has sufficed to let Xenophon speak, and from the first words you could recognize him. Assuredly you will approve of my having chosen Xenophon, and not Abd-el-Kader to describe him: for to borrow from the emir his portrait of the Barb, and to exclaim: "Behold the horse of Phidias"—would mislead you! In truth there is not the slightest likeness. I have already said that this Barb—sculptured by an immortal chisel, is a horse from a school, and he was trained and instructed at Athens: to tell the truth, he is the emblem of education as the Athenians understood it—of that education, which disciplined souls, but did not take away their energy or their pride. This horse does not rear, he rises under the hand of the rider, who invites him to display his

graces: far from objecting—he knows only obedience—but he obeys without effort, without constraint; he fulfills his duty from affection, not from command; his ardent nature urges him to submit to the will of his master, or rather, together they have but one will. Who speaks of being afraid of this horse? Study him carefully, and you will discover in the pose of his head, in his look, in his mouth, an expression which is almost miraculous. No, this horse is neither a god, nor a slave, who obeys trembling, he is a friend who gives himself freely; in a word, he is the horse that Xenophon wished him to be, “*gentle and terrible to see*,” and the more the sculptor has brought out his immortal vigor and indomitable pride, the more we feel the penetrating charm of so much sweetness, united with such fire and ardor. . . . Marvelous secret of Grecian art, that of combining in the same figure, in the same soul two opposite qualities, complementary the one to the other! living contrasts very superior to the abstract simplicity of most of the creations of modern art. Recall, for example, the

heroes of the most Athenian of all the poets, Sophocles,—summon to your memory Antigone, Œdipus, Philoctetes, Ajax, in moments when the pursuit of destiny allows them a breathing spell !

“ ‘ What surprises and ravishes in them is their repose, which is not the sleep of a torpid nature, but the triumph of a grand impassioned soul, which masters and holds itself in check, and that divine melodiousness of the strong and forcible, who know how to love ; and that is the spirit that breathes upon the head of this horse. Even the superb courser of Job, who hollows the earth with his movings and tossings, and whose savage neighing scatters terror everywhere :—here is a spectacle rarer and more marvellous than that, an indomitable strength which subdues itself by love.

“ ‘ After all this, shall I indulge myself in refuting this Solleysel, who has been quoted, and who reproached the sculptors of antiquity with representing their horses always in postures of rage and despair, apparently because they knew nothing else, never

having been trained? The mistaken writer alleges as proof that they hold their mouths open in a strange and horrible manner, ignoring that the bit of the ancients had two plates, placed on each side between the bars and the tongue, which hindered the horse from closing his jaws entirely, not to speak of those broken mouth pieces with small rings that they chewed incessantly—by which may be explained in the horses of ancient sculpture, those half-open mouths playing with the bit. But let us leave the strange assertions of Solleysel:—what concerns me most to reveal here is the contrast that this sculpture of Phidias presents to most of the equestrian groups of modern artists. Having to chisel into marble, or run into bronze the image of a captain or a king, they do not fail to mount their hero stiffly on the back of a horse, both because ordinarily we picture to ourselves kings and captains on horseback, and because it is a higher, more conspicuous position, farther from the ground, and therefore impresses one more with respect. But besides, between the rider and his

animal, there is no accord, no harmony of lines, nor movements ; the horse is only a second pedestal or the second stage of a basement. I do not exaggerate, and I defy you to show me many exceptions. And to turn from generalities, consider for a moment one of the most vaunted works of modern times, one of the master-pieces of the Renaissance, that famous equestrian statue of General Bartolomeo Colleone de Bergamo, which ornaments the plaza of the Zanipolo Church in Venice. I do not know whether you have ever read in Vasari that the Senate having decided to raise this monument to a general who had rendered them remarkable services, confided the execution of it to Andrea Verocchio, the master of Perugini and Leonardo—one of the most renowned sculptors of his day. Then by a change of plan caused by some intrigue—the Senate, at the moment that the artist had just finished the model of his horse, withdrew half of the order, and Vellano de Padoue, a student of Donatello, was commissioned to execute the statue of the general. An odd fancy, was it not ? and one that

shows what a strange idea they had of an equestrian statue. But what is most astonishing, Verocchio himself in his disappointment did not point out to the Senate the absurdity of introducing into art the division of work manifestly corresponding in industry, and of saying to two artists—"Make your arrangements to have only half of an idea"—as if speaking to two workmen we would say to one "Make the main-spring of that watch," to another "Make the wheels." No, Verocchio was only angered because of the affront—and the wrong that had been done to him: beside himself with fury, he broke the head and limbs of his horse, and ran away. The Senate having issued an edict forbidding his return, at the penalty of losing his head, Andrea replied that he should not care, considering that their most serene lordships could not put it on again if once cut off.

“This pleasantry disarmed the wrath of the Senate, who gave him full license to return, and restored the whole order to him. But to be honest, if the statue of Colleone had been done by the rival

sculptors without consultation, it is a question as to whether much would have been lost, for in the one that we see on the Plaza Zanipolo— there is neither harmony nor unity of thought, and it is difficult to believe that the Verocchio who made the horse is the same who made the rider. I never could look at this horse so over-estimated, without a feeling of disappointment. Do you recall that small insignificant head, adjusted to that enormous body, that massive croup, and those flanks over-burdened with flesh? Assuredly that is not the horse that Xenophon loved, of which it could be said that he had a soul. This sad steed suffers with plethora, and has a mournful, languishing, exhausted air indicating painful digestion and somnolence. There is no action, nothing that bespeaks life, not to speak of the mysterious pose of the limbs. The lower part of the right fore leg is so awkwardly placed that Cicognara says it makes the horse look as if he were about to step down from the pedestal; but all anxiety on that account is wasted, for the other three legs are pressed

firmly on the ground, with all their weight ; especially the left hind leg, which should accompany the forward movement—is the farthest back of all, and very skilful would be he who could detach it from the pedestal. Would you say that the horse wishes to scratch the earth with his hoof, then he would not raise the leg so high, and would bend it differently—or perhaps it might be suggested that after the fashion of that period, he is about to kick up his heels. You know that it was the custom, when the passage was followed by the demi-volt, to make the horse bend the leg of the hand in which he happened to be, and to hold him thus until the half turn was finished ; but nothing indicates this manœuvre, and besides, the rider is giving no aid to his animal, and does not hold him in with his limbs, which in fact stand out from the horse, and frankly, he has the air of thinking of anything in the world but passages and heel performances. There is nothing left to believe but that this right fore leg is gesticulating, and that this somnambulistic horse declaims in his sleep—or better still, I imagine

that dropping asleep at the very moment that he was about to walk, the artist has chosen precisely that time to run him into the bronze. What is beyond doubt is that this movement prepared and become henceforward impossible, causes an indefinable uneasiness that you would experience just as I did. And now what inharmony there is between this plethoric and sleepy quadruped and his ferocious rider with his stiff angular helmet on his head, his somewhat rude shape boldly seated on his saddle, the back scarcely touching the cantle, the left arm proudly thrown back, the aquiline nose, the energetic profile which breathes the defiance and pride of the word of command! One thing is certain, the horse is not at ease with his rider, nor the rider with the horse, and the impression that is received from this disagreement redoubles the feeling of discomfort that the suspended movement of the horse causes.

“ ‘ Shall I say it? at moments I am tempted to believe that, the Greeks alone—more highly gifted—possessed that genius for grouping—that science of

concord—which was the secret of the ravishing harmony which appeared in all their works. Look at the horse that you admire, my lady, which in a way belongs to you, if at least to understand is to possess—this horse who arches his neck and curvets, endeavoring by his parading, to do honor to his master ; and examine also the rider arrayed in his Arcadian hat, draped in his mantle with the drawn folds, whose fringe hangs the whole length of his limb ; observe how their pose and attitude harmonize ; how the head of the rider slightly bent forward, and gently inclined on his breast, responds to the wavy movement of the neck of the horse ; how all these lines form that delicious melody of mould, that the modern sculptor has not known how to reproduce. And remark afterwards, that that harmony of line and movement, is but the emblem of the concord of soul and thought. In both the man and the horse, the same ease, the same *abandon* ; there is no effort, but an assured vigor which takes delight in displaying itself. Without question the rider commands, but it is scarcely perceptible ; he

controls the horse by insensible aids ; united, as in the Centaur the human bust was to the quadruped, there is but one soul revealed alike in each ; and now you know why I wish to add to the eulogies already conferred upon the horse, the assertion that he has only the half of a soul. Have I not reason on my side in saying that the head of this horse is not a miracle, but a natural effect of which the artist himself furnishes the explanation ? It is in his intimate union with his master that this horse loses what belongs to him of the animal, and that his soul elevates itself more than seems to belong to his kind. Or, in other words, the education that the rider has received, he transmits to the horse. Judge for yourselves if they do not seem to have come from the same school, then passing by, if you will, the great young man in the Arcadian hat—whose face unfortunately has been mutilated by time, contemplate at the extreme left of the frieze those other youths mounted on their coursers flying with the wind—their horses in full action, who are hastening to rejoin that marvellous cavalcade which

perfidious Albion prided herself on possessing in her palace of Art.

“ ‘To-day’s study is not our first introduction to those charming youths: Plato, Xenophon, Aristophanes have familiarized us with them, and later a French writer has celebrated their glory in such fitting and exalted language*, that it would be difficult to add anything.

“ ‘Many, many times, my lady, have you admired those pure and delicate profiles, those exquisitely proportioned bodies—in which grace and ease dispute with strength, those open foreheads which are purified as it were by the kiss of a Muse, those finely chiselled mouths, those serious and serene faces, in which the play of a generous soul animates and charms.

. . . . Those are the youths who went to the gymnasium, as said the poet “With a wise friend, crowned with wreaths of white flowers, breathing in the odor of the smilax, and the white poplar, and

*We think that the Chevalier speaks here of an admirable study of M. Taine, *Des jeunes gens de Platon*.

enjoying the leisure of the beautiful spring time, when the elm murmured near the plane tree." Well, my lady, riders and horses have a certain indescribable air of kinship ; they possess the same grace and vigor—the same meekness and pride, breathing the dignity of an untrammelled soul—which knows no other master but reason ; riders and horses all have been students together under the gentle skies of Attica—among the olive groves of the Academy, and the oleanders of the Cephissus—within sight of the sacred Hymettus, where Pericles, Aspasia and Socrates lived—horses and riders shared equally a beauty of soul which was the direct result of Athenian cultivation—horses and riders, all learned that music which creates, according to Plato, the harmony of souls, and the immutable order of the universe.'

“During the latter part of this discourse the Marchioness had been in a revery. Whilst he discussed stirrups and saddles and spurs, she had listened attentively to the Chevalier, regarding him with that intelligent and sympathetic air, which makes

her so attractive in her moments of good humor. But when he began to speak of harmony and music, she lowered her eyes, bent her head, and began nonchalantly to fold and unfold her fan, with a preoccupied and dreamy air.

“I had already often noticed that certain words uttered peculiarly had the effect of making her melancholy and pensive—and in truth—the Chevalier, although she did not dream of addressing the slightest compliment to him—appeared enchanted with the effect he had produced. Another thing that I had also remarked was that Nanni—ordinarily occupied in sketching arabesques in a small port-folio which was his inseparable companion, frequently suspended his work to gaze on the Marchioness with a singular expression, until—perceiving that I noticed him, he turned away hastily blushing. As to my lord, he appeared very proud that he had not slept, and seemed to expect that the Chevalier would thank him. Seeing that the latter did not intend to do this—

“‘All this is very good,’ he said, rising, ‘but it is

none the less true that an English saddle is a beautiful thing :—and to jump a ditch I would prefer every time an English horse, trained *à l' anglaise*, to a little bony Barb, who has been taught music by Xenophon, and I add that at this moment I would breakfast more willingly on an English beefsteak, broiled by the cook of the *Hotel d' Angleterre*, than on a third grand discourse about a lame horse, who lacks two hind legs, and is mounted by a rider to whom is left but half of his face.'

“ This sally drew the Marchioness from her reverie : she raised her head, and looking at her uncle smiled. The Chevalier could not repress an angry movement on seeing the charm that he had thrown around the beautiful widow broken by this impertinent interruption—and she seeing his chilled air—recovered all her gaiety—and bit her beautiful lips to stifle a shout of laughter. Then rising, she took the Doctor's arm, and moving away toward the Propylœa — said :

“ ‘ Well, my poor, good Doctor, you have just

been taught a lesson. Ah! coldest and most egotistical of men, who thinks that what is most to be valued here below is the strength which adores—and the beauty which contemplates itself! Must you be taught from the mouth of a diplomat the happiness of possessing only half a soul, and of placing the other half with your neighbors? These things are not studied in Bochart. Be grateful to him who teaches you. Reform, my respectable friend; in future do not be sufficient to yourself—aspire to complete yourself—and, above all, study music!’

“ Then turning again to us :

“ ‘ Gentlemen,’ she said, ‘ let us go to breakfast, and this evening at four o’clock we will go to the banks of the Cephissus and look for a propitious place for continuing this oratorical tournament.’ We descended last, the Abbot and I. Noticing that Nanni did not follow us, I drew the Abbot’s attention to it, and we turned back. We found him in the Parthenon, pencil in hand, opposite one of the metopes ranged against the wall. The Abbot called him.

“ ‘What are you doing here, Nanni?’ he said. ‘Come to breakfast.’

“ ‘I have not time,’ he replied. ‘I must make a drawing of this bull and these two men; you know that the Marchioness has begged me to do it.’

“ ‘You have made ten copies of this group already,’ replied the abbot.

“ ‘No—only two,’ he said; ‘but the first was lost—the second was destroyed by the lap-dog, whom the Marchioness did not wish to vex by taking it away from him. Yesterday she asked me to make another.’

“ The Abbot advanced toward him.

“ ‘Nanni, my child,’ he said, ‘never obey the caprices of *any one*.’

“ The child blushed, and to conceal his embarrassment he attempted to reply in an indifferent tone, and smiling :

“ ‘The caprices of a pretty woman are sacred. But the Abbot regarding him with a severe air :

“ ‘Never repeat such nonsense,’ he said, in a stern voice, ‘and come to breakfast.’

CHAPTER IV.

“ AT four o'clock we were reassembled at the gate of the Hotel d' Angleterre, awaiting the Marchioness. She was not long in appearing. As in spite of the heat she was in the humor for walking, she dismissed the carriages, and we went on foot toward the banks of the Cephissus. There are few cities, to my mind, whose environs can equal the beauty of those around Athens. Assuredly, an abundance of water and a rich vegetation are not indifferent features in a landscape—and such a beautifully situated city is Brousse for example, the Granada of the Levant, with her tapering mosques, her minarets, and her houses of every color on the first foothill of Mt. Olympus, with a background of dark forests of chestnut trees, and a view commanding a valley which extends at her feet like a vast sea of verdure, and displays to the gaze its immense orchards, its thick groves, its mountain roads, inclosed in living hedges fifteen feet high, and its foothills with their gentle inclines covered with a luxurious vegetation that retains an eternal freshness from gush-



ARCH OF ADRIAN AND TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS.

ing springs and murmuring brooks. Meanwhile what I value more than the brilliancy and richness of the shade, is the grace of the lines, the variety of the tints, and the harmonious diversity of forms, and no surroundings to my mind combine these three orders of beauty more happily than those of Athens.

“ Represent to yourself a long plain rising insensibly on the sides to rejoin the mountains which serve as a border — Hymettus in the East—Hymettus loved of the bees, with its undulating croup and flanks cut by narrow gorges ; on the north, the dentellated pyramid of Pentelicus and Parnès, with its fir trees, and the wildness of its proud contours and deep crevasses : at the west the long Achaian chain running in a straight line toward the sea, and divided opposite Athens by the defile of Daphne, through which the procession of Eleusis passed : to the South, the sea, her isles and her frame of steep precipices. At the foot of the mountains rise a great number of small hills, of very differing aspect, some isolated, others connected with each other by necks more or less hollowed

out; in the direction of Pentelicus, Anchesmus, with its turfy slopes rising in terraces: nearer Athens, to the north of the modern city, that strange hillock of the Lycabettus, an enormous pointed rock with two summits, escaped, as you know, from the hands of Minerva, in the surprise caused by the crow telling her of the indiscretion of Aglaurus.

“Between Athens and the sea is the Acropolis, with its superb rocks, bare and reddish, cut as with a chisel, and its temples and colonnades designing themselves on the sky above the walls of Themistocles and of Cimon—whilst around that sublime fortress, open out in a half circle a succession of lower hills, turning towards her to adore her, like nymphs bending before the goddess, of whom they are made the followers: here is the rounded knoll of the museum adjoining the Pnyx—farther to the right the hillock of the Nymphs; on the front the Areopagus, with its rugged rocks, its perpendicular walls, its dislocated flanks, and its black precipices—gulfs consecrated to the Eumenides.

“ In the interval between these heights, there is no unbroken tableland—everywhere rolling ground, round heights, hillocks and valleys, defiles, ledges and plateaux, beautifully graduated—all these diverse movements harmonizing with each other—nothing rough, nothing clashing, no discordance. It has the appearance of a soil once torn up by a volcanic convulsion, heaved up on every side, but the disorder of which has been converted into beauty by the cares of a divine protectress, who has inflected and reunited all the lines, softened the contours, restored the surfaces, made the under parts to disappear, concealed the seams, and diffused a marvellous harmony, of which one can hardly unravel the secret, over that infinite variety of accidents which seem to defy all rule and symmetry. Yes, a Divine hand has hollowed out, excavated, formed, modelled, fashioned that sacred earth—as the thumb of a sculptor would make a rough wax model. And the mountains and foothills, which intersect and surround that vast plain, contribute to the harmony of the whole. In this great landscape nothing

seems to have been left to chance—everything has motive and end like a work of art; the contours and lines appeal to, seek, pursue, rejoin each other, tracing in their caprices, mazes and intertwinings—like magic circles, that the feet of the Graces, in their frolicsome sports, design on the moss of the forest. Picture further—on two sides of this plain, great spaces—bare of all vegetation, as if repelling anything that would veil the beauty of their form, and in the midst of these spaces—on the two banks of the Cephissus—place the immense olive grove, several leagues long, bordered with rich gardens and beautiful free vines from the South, that a more clement destiny has not subjected to the need of the support of a prop. Imagine that forest, following the course of the river, winding on out of sight, like a long serpent, and charming the gaze by its thick shade of dark and fresh verdure. And then diffuse a heavenly light over this sculptural laudscape, which heightens all the details, designs the relief, touches tenderly the outlines, and, adapting the variety of tints to the multiplicity of views, floods the

nearest sites with a dazzling splendor, and extends over the more distant points as a light gauze, bluish, rosy and violet mists. And now, climbing a height, embrace with a glance of the eye this vast plateau—admire, contemplate. I scarcely know how you will tear yourself away from this panorama, the beauty of which is renewed and diversified without ceasing: moment by moment the tints change, displace each other, deepen, lighten, a new landscape is created as by magic under your eyes, and you remain lost—your breath suspended—without tiring of this grand and beautiful sight—that you will do well to forget on leaving Greece, under pain of thinking everywhere else, that nature is vulgar, hard, monotonous, discordant, or artificial.

“The Marchioness occupied herself in an animated discussion on the polychromic landscapes which are peculiar to southern countries. The Doctor amused himself by raising objections, and the Abbot, consulted every moment or two—simply acquiesced without a word. My lord and I formed the rear-guard :

he entertained me about the Count of B—— from whom he had just received a letter which he gave me to read.

“ ‘The poor man is dying with chagrin!’ he said, ‘and if he could see the happy air of the Marchioness at this moment—’

“ ‘Meanwhile,’ I replied, ‘the Marchioness was very thoughtful this morning during the discourse of the Chevalier.’

“ ‘These reveries do not portend anything good,’ he answered, ‘it is *ennui* that I would wish to see, but she is far away from that—see now with what animation she talks with the little man whom I cannot endure!’

“ ‘Believe me or not,’ I said, ‘before many days the Count will be recalled from exile, and you will do well to reserve all your sympathy for that gentle boy who is walking up and down over there—with his golden hair, and his little black velvet turban.

“ ‘You would lure me with vain hopes’—he replied—‘it is much more probable that before eight

days have gone by I will have a terrible scene with the Marquise, for by nature I am the gentlest, most amiable and enduring man in the world, but ennui pushed to paroxysm may develop into a passion as violent as anything else, and to this I am responsible for all the great heroic acts that I have done during my life.'

“Whilst my lord recounted all the heroisms of which his ennui had been the cause, we had crossed the plain that I have tried to describe, and leaving on the left Colonus, her hillock surmounted with the funeral column of Ottfried Müller, and the groves of the Academy, we had entered the wood. We penetrated into one of those pretty cross-roads along which run irrigating canals, filled with limpid water from the Cephissus, which spreads everywhere abundance and fertility. On both sides of these pretty roads are green and flourishing gardens, in which the olive with its pale branches, the fig-tree with its thick shade, twisting in every direction large lustrous branches, the pomegranate, whose delicate foliage scarcely hides its

swollen and ripening fruit, the mulberry tree with its shining green, the turpentine with its bunches of red berries dear to the small bird, and the orange with its shining and yellowish leaves—all blend together. Here and there are bowers of flowers, roses, cacti, jasmines, framed in a border of lavender—and graceful garlands of vines are entwined in the trees—whose red branches fall in festoons all through the autumn—and bend under the weight of their golden bunches. Nothing could be richer, gay, more fertile than these orchards. Following turn after turn, we arrived at the edge of the Cephissus, whose course, exhausted by so many trenches, left three-quarters of its bed dry. We crossed the river and settled ourselves at the entrance of the arbor of a café. In front extended the bed of the river, bordered with shubbery, and great bunches of oleander. Farther on there was a grove of magnificent olive trees, over which the setting sun threw its golden rays obliquely; on our right, a Greek chapel, surrounded with poplar, aspen and oak trees; still farther to the right, a bridle-path

and a bridge—and beyond the bridge another wood of olive-trees, profiling their hollowed tops on a sapphire sky.

“ We were served with coffee and *raki**, and the Doctor, whose happiness depended upon it, asked the Marchioness to allow him to smoke a *narghilé* †. Nanni, seated near on a low chair, took the lap-dog on his knee—who is not always easy to manage—and began to caress his long, silky hair, considering the while, one by one, the Cephissus, the olives and the sky. At the end of some moments :

“ ‘ What a cool, wild and charming place ! ’ said he, with a soft and silvery voice.

“ ‘ Is this an exordium ? ’ said the Marchioness, ‘ for if I am not mistaken—your turn has come to pay your quota.’

“ ‘ Oh, dispense me ! ’ said he, smiling. ‘ I never did such a thing in my life, and I should make an

* Brandy prepared from grain spirit in Greece.

† An Eastern tobacco-pipe, in which the smoke passes through water before reaching the lips. The stem is a long tube.

utter failure. All that I could say would be, that long before visiting Greece, I often saw her in my dreams, or believed that I did, for I lent to her beauty a certain severe regularity, which existed only in my own brain. Later, some months before starting for Athens, I saw at Munich those famous views of Greece that you know, and I imagined, on the faith of the painter, I hardly know what of arid, melancholy, desolate sites—'

“ ‘And you have finished by recognizing that Greece is neither a French tragedy nor a melodrama of the boulevard. Certainly, you have made a discovery worth the finding.’

“ ‘For myself,’ said the Doctor, ‘I imagined Greece a country of cut-throats and brigands, and I have made the whole tour of the Peloponnesus, without firing off one barrel of my revolver.’

“ ‘Nor have you found any use for the four *gendarmes* who served as your escort. Doctor, you are one of those voyagers who start out with the idea that they are in search of an adventure, and who use every

precaution to keep everything of the kind at a distance. Be easy; no remarkable occurrence will ever come to you—you are one of the people to whom nothing ever happens.’

“The Doctor sighed, and chasing a thick cloud of smoke through the air, said :

“‘You are right, my lady. Hammering at me continually, it is not surprising that one time out of a hundred you hit the nail on the head. No, nothing has ever happened to me. I cannot find in my whole life a single occasion which would approach the dramatic—nothing which would furnish material for a “Tale of a Tub;” and, frankly—it desolates me to think that, although it has been my life’s dream, I shall never attain to being an interesting man.’

“‘Meanwhile,’ said she, ‘I am curious to know how you would take any small mishap—such as if Ugly, for example, should happen to disturb your idleness, whilst you were deep in the enjoyment of the smoke of your *narghilé*.’

“‘What consoles me,’ said the Doctor, ‘is that

I have a lively imagination. Laugh as much as you please, I know what I am talking about, and if you press me, I will prove it to you. Yes indeed, I am a man of great imagination, and there are moments at times when I feel that I have the stuff for a hero within me, and then I fancy to myself the brilliant career that I could have developed, if Destiny—'

“‘Enough said, Doctor, I surrender; the moment that you recognize in yourself the stuff of which wandering knights are made, we must grant you without doubt the most prodigious imagination in the world; any other proof would be superfluous: behold me persuaded: I declare you more of a poet than our friend Nanni.

“And saying that, she threw on the child a caressing look which completely confused him.

“‘Ah, my lady,’ he said, lowering his eyes, ‘if I have a small amount of imagination, that is not enough to make me a poet; something more than that is required.’

“‘What!’ said she; ‘is not imagination the creative, the inventive faculty?’

“‘But, my lady, from my tenderest infancy I have tried to picture Greece to myself, and when at last I beheld it, it was a surprise to me.’

“‘I can well believe that,’ she replied—‘Greece has never been pictured save by the good God who made it.’

“‘And so of everything,’ said he, ‘God alone creates; the rest of us only combine, and our combinations are often abortive’

“‘Marvel of marvels; said the Doctor: ‘He came first—He, and he has treated every subject—’

“The lady began to laugh and pointing at the Doctor with her fan, who lounged peacefully on his chair playing with the amber of his pipe,’

“‘Look at another thing, gentlemen;’ said she—
 ‘Just now our dear epicurean is not contented with believing that he holds the key to the problems of earthly existence—he is a little disappointed because he did not make the world, and to put his self-esteem at ease, he consoles himself that he came too late. The thing was already done. A

simple question of time The battle was to the swift. What astonishes me, Doctor, is that they were able to get along without you : your collaboration, your counsels would have been so precious.'

"Then turning to Nanni, she said,

" ' I do not wish to hide it from you, my child,'—for she spoke to him ordinarily in a motherly manner—'you are modest and have few companions who would appreciate your style of thought, for it is quite the fashion among artists, and philosophers too, to exalt art at the expense of nature. Most of them speak of our poor world as a shapeless waste, that they are charged with clearing up and correcting. Why, only this morning, these gentlemen have proved positively that nature cannot dispute with Phidias the art of making a horse, and I was almost tempted to believe them.'

" ' I do not gainsay it,' said Nanni, quietly. ' I only said that we must not flatter ourselves that imagination can surpass nature. We strive and strive—and after all, the best that we can do in our inventions

is to fall in with her, for to attempt to beautify in regulating her is a pure illusion, a vain chimera! Left to herself, and deprived of the assistance of recollection, imagination simplifies everything, and her richest productions astonish us by their indigence, their sterility; they are only fleeting silhouettes, or vague and cold abstractions; they are wanting in that infinite detail which surprises and charms us in the study of the most inferior of nature's creations; and which the more we examine, the less we can exhaust.'

“ ‘Well said, Nanni,’ cried my lord, looking at him tenderly. ‘Bravo, my child! and this is the first word of common sense that I have heard. Courage, go on, my beautiful niece will forgive you if you prove that there is no statuary to be compared to her.’

“Nanni blushed and smiled.

“ ‘You would throw me into an undertaking indeed. You know how my lady dislikes madrigals, and as for me—I have no gift for that kind of thing, and could never tell her what her mirror. . . . Let me rather relate, since we have agreed to-day only to

talk about horses, what happened to me the very first time I ever undertook to handle the pencil. I was always a little of a dreamer; my father, a practical man, reproached me with it, but I inherited it from my poor mother, who was a great dreamer. . . .

Among other Utopias, I imagined one day, that as there was no horse in which I could not discover some imperfection, the only thing to do was to invent one which would be simply perfect, without a defect, and to do that it was necessary to study the ideal horse, and then to sketch that ideal. Fancy me then, pursuing without cessation—the absolute horse. I grew thin; even in the night time I dreamed of him; but my work made slow progress. In the pursuit of a phantom, the object was in danger of being lost in the void! One day to draw me out of this dilemma my good genius dropped into my hand Bourgelat's work—the *Elements of Horsemanship*, and in the first volume I found a chapter entitled *The Theory of the Geometrical Proportions of the Horse*, in which Bourgelat determined *a priori* the geometrical beauty of the horse.'

“ ‘ A charming book,’ interrupted the Chevalier, ‘with a pretty vignette as frontispiece, representing a skeleton of a horse, and on one side winged Loves in the style of Boucher, which formed a circle, pressing shins and thighs against their heart. Some pages farther on there is this poetic definition of beauty. *What do you understand by the term beauty?* For Bourgelat wrote in dialogues as Plato did—to which the reply is *I understand the word beauty to express the exact, agreeable and symmetrical proportion of parts, which form in the animal the exterior total which seduces and flatters us.*’

“ ‘ In spite of the vignette and of this “total which flatters us,” ’ replied Nanni, ‘I blessed the good fortune which had placed Bourgelat in my way. That book will be close to my heart always as a talisman of inestimable value, and I began to study it with an ardor beyond words. I thought only of Bourgelat, I talked only of him, and I pitied—from the bottom of my heart—those who were not fortunate enough to know about Bourgelat. Bourgelat had become for

me—the chief among men: his book never left my side, I gazed lovingly on it, as Aladdin looked on his enchanted lamp, by the aid of which he summoned the spirits at his will. So that, by means of my magic book, I flattered myself to be able to evoke from the shades the sublime ideal of the horse. I learned by heart the *geometrical theory*. In the evenings in the public gardens near the Grand Canal, I would find myself, under my breath, murmuring some sentence from the great man; this, for example, that I have never forgotten: “*The horizontal traversing in the second second of the second prime will have two seconds two points in length, and will arrive at the two extremities of the tuberosity of the maxillaries.*” And, while saying these words, I pitied the horses and their riders, who pawed and galloped round me in the broad paths of the garden. “What are you?” I would say, “in comparison with the Bourgelat horse—in comparison with the divine ideal of the horse?” At last I sank so deep into my folly, that I neither ate nor slept. My parents noticed this and questioned

me. I disclosed my secret to them. My mother smiled. My father did not smile; he shrugged his shoulders, and, pointing to his forehead with his forefinger, uttered but one word: "*Matto!*"* But nothing was capable of repressing me, and when I thought I had really absorbed the quintessence of the sublime doctrine, with trembling hand I took my pencil and began to work. No alchemist searching for the philosopher's stone ever felt—before his still and retorts—such heartbeatings as mine, when seated before my cartoon, all my measures taken, I drew the first outlines of the holy image—the picture of the absolute horse. But alas! O misery! O cruel deception! the horse that appeared on my paper had the defect of Roland's horse; it was dead. Whether he responded at all to the ideal of a horse, I do not know; but of one thing only I am certain, he was only a phantom, a shadow. But if it had only been the shadow of a living horse! Unfortunately, on looking at him there was the fatal impression that he

* Mad.

had never lived. “Thou wilt not do at all,” I said, “I will make a living horse of thee.” And I began to remodel my sketch, but I soon perceived that in order to correct it, I must call to my aid the recollection of a living horse—some horse that I had seen in my walks—and what became just then of Bourgelat, and his geometrical theory and absolute idea? I tore up my first sketch and began again; I did this twice, a third time, with the same result. I was almost crazy. Happily, one day, when I was studying my cartoon—elbows on the table—my head in my hands, confessing in the secrecy of my soul that the most wicked hack that had ever drawn a dray in the streets of a great city, was a hundred times more interesting than my absolute horse—suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder—it was the Vicar of the Parish of Saint Zacharie, a great friend of the family—who entering on tip-toe—after having without my knowledge examined my primes and seconds, bent over and said to me, as he dried his glasses, “Nanni, learn this from thy Vicar; a picture is not a problem of descriptive

geometry." The evening of that very day—my cartoons and Bourgelat had perished together in the flames. And the next morning as I was] going with my mother to make a visit at Zuecca we saw on the way—running loose on the bank, a white ass just arrived from Alexandria, which, on seeing us, began to bray. I got my mother's consent to land the gondola, and getting out approached the ass, which was gentle, and began to caress it. "Nanni," called out my mother, laughing, "thou stoopest, my child. Holy St. Mark! to fondle an ass with the same hand which would draw the absolute horse." I kissed the donkey tenderly between the ears, and laying my head against hers, "Mother," I said, "nature alone is divine, and Bourgelat is not her prophet."'

" ' Well,' said the Doctor, ' the Curate of St. Zacharie was a man of very good sense—contrary to the advice that Juliet gave to Jean Jacques, he said to you *Lascia la matematica, Nanni, e studia la donne.*' "

*Leave mathematics and study woman.

“That study,” I said, ‘is not without danger, one loses sleep and appetite with that sometimes—,”

“He checked me with a terrible look ; for at certain moments that charming face could look furious. Do you wish to know what Nanni resembled ? You recall without doubt some of those marvellous pictures of Jean Bellin, in which the Madonna and the infant Jesus are on a throne, under a canopy ; around them are figures of saints standing ; at their feet, seated on the steps of the throne are some small angels making music. Jean Bellin is the only painter who has ever given artistic heads and faces to his angels. Among these heavenly virtuosos, there is one which is the portrait of Nanni. It is that one which is in the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice, playing on the viol of love, the head bent, the face a little coarse, some features rather strong, but with an exquisite delicacy of expression, the look lost in space, and with a great tawny eyebrow like the mane of a lion, which falls over on the eyelids. You see now how Nanni could

be like the horse of Xenophon—in turn gentle and terrible to look upon—

“The glance that he darted at me signified, ‘If you have divined that I suffer, why have you the heart to joke at my expense?’

“Happily I had spoken so low that the Marchioness had not heard me.

“‘Then according to you,’ she said, pursuing the subject, ‘observation does more for the artist than imagination?’

“‘I would say rather, my lady, that the artist should employ his imagination to observe closely—for it is then it will fitly serve, and if imagination does not accompany observation, then observation is not possible.’

“‘I do not quite understand you,’ she said. ‘Do you mean to say that that white ass, for example, that Egyptian ass that you saw at Zuecca—in order to observe and to know him, is it not enough to have eyes, and to know how to use them?’

“‘I think not,’ he said, ‘for what I see of that ass

in a given moment, is nothing in comparison with what I ought to divine. That ass is a world, and in that world, as the Abbot will tell you, everything is submitted to the most rigorous logic. That logic is incomprehensible to itself, and unless I am very much surprised, my white ass will always remain a mystery to me. In a word, in order to reproduce the works of nature in their verity we must discern her thoughts and processes, and it is there that imagination serves.'

“‘The child is right,” said the doctor, learnedly. ‘The universe is a vast argument, and every existence is a syllogism; and a part of the demonstration of the whole.’

“‘Then an ass is a syllogism?’ said she. ‘Buffon was not aware of this definition.’

“‘Of what account are words,’ replied Nanni, growing excited; ‘it suffices that nature is always consistent with herself, and that what she permits us to see is closely allied to what we cannot see. And would you like to know wherein lie the superiority of the artist, and the thinker? The vulgar only under-

stand what they are; the artist and the thinker on the contrary, in what is apparent recognize the mysterious sign of what is not seen. Only the philosopher reasons, and the artist contemplates. A legend of the Middle Ages relates that in the reign of Nero, two originals, named Phidias and Praxiteles, appeared at Rome and walked through the streets entirely naked. The Emperor summoned them before him, and asked the reason for their strange performance. They replied that they intended to bear witness to the privilege they had received from the gods of seeing things in their nakedness—whilst the rest of mankind only saw through a veil.'

“That theory was not to the taste of the Marchioness; it seemed to her that it attributed to the imitation of nature an exaggerated importance, and she instanced the Greeks of the classic period, ‘who had,’ said she, ‘sacrificed nature to the ideal.’ It was I, I think, who brought forward Aristotle, and his definition of poetry, which he reduced to a simple imitation. But Nanni replied, shaking his head,

“ ‘ You will compromise my cause—what I mean to say is that no one ever studied nature with more ardent love than the great Greek artists, none reproduced her more scrupulously, none knew better how to use the imagination in order to observe correctly—for I repeat, without imagination the knowledge of nature goes for nothing in the arts. And you know well, my lady, that the famous school of sculpture at Ægina that paved the way for Phidias whose beautiful works are seen at the Glyptothek in Munich, astonishes us by the minute exactness with which it strives to reproduce the forms and proportions of the human body. But compare a statue of the school of Ægina, or a statue of Phidias or of his school, and you will agree that Phidias, as exact as the Æginetans, has the advantage over them of having completed and enriched his observations by his fancy, and of having been able to seize everywhere the union of parts in a whole, which escaped them. Yes, without contradiction, the Ægina statues at Munich surprise us by their truthfulness ; you find the arms—the

limbs—the muscles rendered with a remarkable precision—and yet, without even alluding to the heads to which Onatas and his pupils from sacred scruples abstained from giving any expression or character these bodies, so faithfully rendered, seem inanimate, compared to any one of the metopes of the Parthenon. They do not lack action nor movement, but the method of observing was still incomplete, and these figures are a composition of details, all taken from nature, but not yet blended or united by genius. And that is why they do not have a determined character, for a characteristic of life is such a subordination of the details to the whole that it causes them so to speak, to disappear.’

“ ‘ You speak of all this with authority,’ said she.

“ ‘ Oh, my lady! I, Nanni, with authority!’ he said, smiling. ‘ But I yield to you; you have seen, have you not, the frescoes of the Annunziata at Padua, and the cells of the Vatican? Well, my lady, from Giotto to Raphael the difference is the same as from Onatas to Phidias. In those marvellous pictures of the Annunziata, what careful and happy poses, what

truthfulness in the bodies and in the faces, what method in the draperies! But the supreme art of making all the details conform to the effect of the whole—it is at the Loggia that we must look for them.’

“‘In my limited wisdom,’ replied the Marquise, ‘I explained that satisfactorily to myself by saying that Phidias, and Raphael himself, since you have alluded to him, knew how to conciliate with the pursuit of the ideal the science of observation, which they had borrowed from their predecessors.’

“‘The ideal! the ideal,’ he said, laughing—‘That is a big word, but one that I have not much use for since my misadventure with the absolute horse. I am more bitter than the Doctor; he pardoned the Barb horse that dismounted him: death to all that play me wicked turns, and I have a rod in pickle for Bourgelat and his geometry and ideal!’

“‘So, if we are to believe you,’ replied the Marchioness, ‘we can only say that Phidias and Raphael, thanks to the superiority of their imagination, have

studied nature more closely than Onatas and Giotto, and it is to that that their glory is to be attributed.'

“ ‘What I should fear,’ he answered, ‘in taking that ground, would be the risk of injustice, not to the Athenian—and the man of Urbino, but to the Æginetan and the keeper of sheep of Vespegnano.’

“ ‘Everything is done by degrees, in the history of art as of empires, and I do not admire less the pioneers who die at their tasks and leave their work unfinished—than their happy successors who increase the patrimony which they have inherited. My grandfather, madam, was the first gondolier of Venice, and he accumulated by handling the oar, enough to leave an honest maintenance to his children; my father, a wholesale merchant, increased ten-fold the fortune that he had inherited, and assuredly he made the best figure in the world. Shall it be said on account of that, that he had more genius than the poor gondolier?’

“ ‘I understand you,’ said she; ‘without Giotto no Raphael, and without Onatas, no Phidas. But

frankly,' she added, 'I cannot get over my astonishment that you, among us all, you, my dear Nanni, artist and dreamer by profession, should make war on the ideal!'

" 'Pardon me, my lady,' said the Chevalier; 'He has told you himself—he is in the position of those discarded lovers who traduce the mistresses from whom they have suffered their cruelties. But be careful, young man, you challenge a strong antagonist. To deny the ideal is to blaspheme; for the ideal is divine; without the ideal, what becomes of art life?'

"He grew more and more excited, and to humor the Marchioness was about to continue at length on this text, but my lord interrupted him, saying:

" 'Nanni, my friend, from this moment you have won my entire esteem, and if you were within reach of my arms I could almost press you to my heart—I have heard this ideal talked of for a long time, and I am ready to die if those who talk about it, know themselves what they are saying.'

" 'The ideal! the ideal! It is your Madame de

Staël whom I cannot endure, that has made this word *a la mode* ! And our lakists, in the same fashion, have indulged themselves to their heart's content. Also your famous Countess Hahn-Hahn, whose name you never want to hear mentioned now, but whom once you admired as a heroine with an infinitely large soul and infinitely small hands ! The ideal ! Truly those who talk about it are dismal companions—who have nothing in the world to do but gape about weeping and wailing—as a rule—bad fathers, bad husbands, bad citizens, uncongenial associates, crazy-headed unfortunates, equally useless to themselves as to others.'

“ ‘ Good heaven,’ interrupted Nanni, laughing—
 ‘ behold here an advocate and a pleader who will make me lose my cause before your tribunal, my lady ! But after all, perhaps we understand each other better than we seem to. That ideal, so dear to you, how would you define it ?’

“ ‘ Really,’ she said, ‘ I don't know ; I never thought about it ; until now I thought that the thing

explained itself, and I was not at any trouble to make it clearer. But wait, let me think, how would it do to say that the ideal is a certain regularity rarely met with in nature ?

“ ‘ Ah! my lady,’ he replied, ‘ it is to yourself that I appeal to decide whether regularity was the supreme end at which the Greeks aimed. Do you remember that frame of palms and water lilies which decorates the panels and the lintel of a door of the Erechtheum, and of the attempt to copy it made by a few skilful Italian workmen ? Have you forgotten that comparing the original and the copy the other day, we observed in the latter, a very fine piece of work—a symmetry carried to perfection—and we wondered how—in those spirals of foliage which surround the palms, every leaf, executed with care was exactly like all the others—then, studying the original, you remarked first that the Greek artist had reproduced in his foliage all the veins, indentations, threads and fibres which are on the leaves of the trees : then, to your great astonishment, you perceived that every one

of those leaves so finely traced, worked out with such an exquisite delicacy, differed from the others in some minute detail, so that all the infinite diversity and caprice of nature were reproduced in the sculptured branches. And the Italian artists were not behind in perceiving this, until recognizing their powerlessness in imitating the inimitable, they turned away from their task, and renounced their undertaking—scarcely begun. The Greeks knew that nature owes her charm to those accidental workings which prevent her being too regular, and they take great care to introduce the accidental into their works. Shall I instance those columns of different sizes, and that bold alliance of the Ionic and Doric orders which is so much admired in the Propylæa, or the singular plan of the Erechtheum—the unequal level of the aisles, those columns differing in height—that north portico, the front of which cuts the order of the principal frieze, those four façades, no two of which are alike, in a word, the voluntary absence of all symmetrical repetition?—and in the Parthenon itself, those light but sensible curves,

everywhere substituted for right lines, do not allow the gaze to be first surprised and then scandalized—in short, on the whole Acropolis—caprice presided in all the edifices which crowned the top. Rest assured, my lady, that nature has never had more scrupulous copyists than the Greeks. And this is why their art is so rich, so varied, and how it was possible, for example, for Phidias to carve a bas-relief four hundred feet long, in which you cannot find two figures exactly alike. For to return to this horse of which we have already talked so much to-day, he resembles in no one point any other horse of the same race as himself, and trained by the same method. The one that precedes him, that carries his head so high, resembles no other but himself, with his short head and limbs, and his shank of an exaggerated length, and all through that cavalcade, not to speak of the attitudes which differ *ad infinitum*, we find that one animal has a larger head, another a thicker neck—this one the chest more advanced, that one a plumper croup; and likewise among their riders, all of the same race, all handsome

and well made, it is impossible to find two identical faces, physiognomies, or positions. And this is what no artists can do, whether sculptors, painters or poets—who under pretext of studying the ideal, succeed only in bringing forth two or three pretentious common-places which reappear at every step in their works. It is these who are called *mannerists*, a *race-breed* common in the periods of decadence whose misfortune it was not to have known how to appropriate to their own use the processes of nature which has no *manner at all.*'

“Nanni warmed up as he spoke, and the Marchioness took pleasure in looking at the young artist; for the fire of his soul, passing into his face, shone like lightning in his eyes. But suddenly he was silent, and when a question was addressed to him he was so much absorbed in himself that he made no reply. Then the Marchioness turned, and having begged me to go and look for some olive-branches—when I brought them she began to weave a crown, and while doing it said to Nanni :

“ ‘We women are better for attacking than defending. I give up my defense of the ideal against you. Do as you please about it even although it costs me the price of abandoning the cause of an old friend. But in revenge, taking the offensive, I accuse you of heresy—and such heresy!—good heaven!’

“ ‘You frighten me, lady,’ replied he, taking in with the corner of his eye the crown that she was plaiting.

“ Without replying, the Marchioness said something in English to the Chevalier, a language that Nanni did not understand; then she added, ‘come, M. Chevalier, I appoint you my attorney-general, so fill your office well, and extort from him the avowal of his lightness and folly.’

“ ‘Never fear, my lady,’ said he, straightening himself up. And addressing Nanni:

“ ‘Do you know of what they accuse you? It is of making a realist of Phidias! Enormity enough to make one’s hair stand on end! To you will go this crown—or at least you will have a chance of obtaining

it—if true to your principles, you succeed in making us see meanwhile, in what Phidias differs from M. Courbet—or else a rope around your neck, a *san benito* on your body, your heart in your mouth, you will retract your blasphemies against the ideal !’

“Nanni remained thoughtful an instant, and the Chevalier taking his silence as an avowal of defeat—was just pronouncing his sentence, when the Marchioness interrupting him said :

“ ‘ Give the defendant time to collect his wits, for are we not assembled here at the tribunal of the inquisition, and we must proceed regularly. Accused, what have you to say for your defence ?’

“ ‘ That solemn arraignment frightens me,’ replied Nanni, ‘ and the terrible glances that the Chevalier darts at me, and your own severe countenance, my lady, I can scarcely endure. And what, if with a good grace, I confess my wrong, and proclaim the inviolable sanctity of the ideal—might I not expect mercy from you, would you not give me the crown as a reward for my frankness ?’

“‘No quarter! no compromise!’ she replied. ‘You must set your wits to work to withdraw entirely from the bad step which your imprudence alone drew you into taking—if not, you will leave here, utterly discomfited, like a fox chased by a hen.’

“‘In that case my lady, will you forbid the Chevalier making such big eyes at me; for really, it frightens me, and it is a rule of justice—I think—not to intimidate the defence.’

“‘Then bowing before her.—‘My ignorance makes me ashamed. A few moments ago I confessed not to know anything about the ideal, and now I find myself in the same embarrassing position about *realism*. Will you enlighten me?’

“‘Oh! Oh!’ said the Chevalier; ‘an accused who interrogates his judge! Here is a singular condition of things!’

“‘Nevertheless, I advise you to answer him,’ said the Marchioness, ‘otherwise he would say that you fear his questions as Gorgias did those of Socrates.’

“ ‘Realism! realism! but that explains itself,’ said the Chevalier. ‘And wait—that is precisely the trouble with those who deny the ideal.’

“ ‘Alas,’ said Nanni, sadly, ‘I no longer know to what saint to pay my vows, since you explain what I do not know by what I am unacquainted with.’

“ ‘I am compliant,’ replied the Chevalier. ‘If I said to you that realism, it is M. Courbet.’

“ ‘I would reply that you are not at all like Gorgias, but like that Hippias from whom Socrates demanded a definition of beauty, who answered by turns that the beautiful is gold—a beautiful horse—a beautiful woman.’

“ ‘My amiability will be inexhaustible,’ replied the Chevalier; ‘realism is a servile imitation of nature.’

“ ‘A thousand thanks,’ said Nanni, ‘but pity my simplicity; the word *servile*, clear for you, is not at all clear for me, and if you would have the goodness to explain yourself.’—

“ ‘He only knows his primer, my lady!’ said the Chevalier, ‘and when I shall have replied that *servile*,

according to the Academy, signifies *sticking close to the letter*, he will ask me what is the *letter*, and there will be no end of the thing. Condemn! condemn! my lady, or I will resign my function.'

“‘Oh! I bear malice to my Vicar of Saint Zacharie,’ said Nanni, sighing: ‘he gave me that deplorable habit of never letting a word pass without defining it, and I recognize to my sorrow that it is not good company. What excuses me, M. Chevalier,’ he added, ‘is that here we are not in a salon, but two steps from the olive groves of the Academy, where it is said that the shades of Socrates, Theodore, the gentle Lysis, and the complacent Lachés so eager to respond in spite of his gray beard, still return; and who knows but that these very places where we are, these rocks which border the Cephissus, these bunches of oleander, have not understood some of those long talks of those divine hair-splitters, and whether the winds have not carried back to them some of those *short questions*, that Protagoras disliked!’

“‘Let Socrates ask me!’ replied the Chevalier

drily, with a smile between mild and haggard—peculiar to him, ‘but Nanni is not Socrates!’

“‘Thank heaven no!’ said the child; ‘for the hemlock does not tempt me at all, and there is a certain olive-crown much better suited to me—as my portion.’

“‘But you must merit it!’ said the Marquise. ‘After all, perhaps in thinking the thing over, I might be able to give you the explanation that you clamor for. Listen carefully. If you were told that realism is none other than art employed to reproduce the vulgarities of life, would you approve the definition, or would you still argue on?’

“‘The vulgarities of life!’ he murmured, under his breath.

“‘Just as I said, Madam,’ exclaimed the Chevalier; ‘you see how it is; he will ask what *vulgarity* is, and what *life* is. Plague on the curé of Saint Zacharie!’

“And, for his part, the Doctor said :

“‘For the love of heaven, Nanni, never go to the Marchioness for a definition—it would be an

unpardonable impropriety, and be sure that Lysis arguing with Aspasia, never took that liberty.'

" 'It is all very well for you to joke,' he replied, 'but remember that my honor is involved. Will you allow me to question you, my lady.'"

" 'I consent,' said she, 'although hitherto I have only recognized that right from my confessor.'

" 'An earthen vase, madam, is it vulgar?'

" 'That depends,' said she.

" 'A simple earthen vase, a jug, if you will—good enough at best to hold oil and such supplies as house-keepers need.'

" 'What do I know?' said she—'A gold or an alabaster, or a chiseled urn is assuredly more noble, and if in a picture representing a royal *ménage*, or better still the store room of Olympus, in place of urns I found jugs, I would declare those jugs very vulgar, and would say that the painter was a realist.'

" 'And a sheep, my lady, would you call a sheep vulgar?'

“‘A shoulder of mutton larded with parsely, is not at all a royal vulgarity,’ said my lord, who to beguile his ennui had found a reed on the border of the Cephissus, and was gravely piercing holes in it to make a flute.’

“‘A sheep even not larded with parsley can have a distinguished air. Witness those we see in the folds of Watteau, garlanded with rose favors, and which, forgetting to graze, sigh for love like the sheep of Madam Deshoulières. *Innocent sheep, sheep, my love.*’ Again she added, ‘*I take these woods, these prairies, to witness.*’

“‘Oh, it is not of those sheep that I mean to speak,’ said Nanni, ‘but of a big, fat woolly sheep, and I ask you, which appears more worthy of figuring in a devotional picture, a child driving before him one of these sheep, or a Levite playing the lute and chanting hymns? The latter assuredly, and yet,’ he added, ‘having to represent the magnificence of the Panathenaic festival on the frieze of the Parthenon, and able to choose from a thousand worthier subjects, Phidias,

it seems, has preferred to immortalize in marble.'

“‘Oh, I see what you are driving at,’ she said, ‘and I have at the end of my tongue what you are going to say. Yes, Phidias was pleased to carve on a metope two rams led by two children, who appear to be consulting with each other as to their proper place in the procession, whilst, some steps in advance, a priestess, turning back, makes signs to them to advance. And farther on, on another metope, we see some personages of rather vulgar physiognomy, apparently *urnbearers* carrying on their shoulders jugs of oil, not urns, but jugs, simple jugs, and all that is going on at a few steps only from the gods, who grouped on the east peristyle, assist in the filing out of the procession. I agree with you; but how well the artist has ennobled the details! That these oil bearers have a common air, I acknowledge, at least, as far as the damaged state of the marble permits me to judge. But what have you to say of those two children leading the rams? What ravishing candor! what artlessness! what purity of profile!’

“ ‘I do not deny it, madam, but you must grant that their situation has nothing sublime about it, and as for the rams, I agree with you that Phidias has given a soul to his horses, and that he has been careful to teach them music—but those rams are like all the other rams in the world—they are not of any school—there is no cultivated mind, nor tenderness of heart apparent; they are simply two big rams that think and feel like rams. And that bull still farther on, that draws back—raising his head—have you ever seen a more beastly face, and will you ever be tempted to believe that he knows anything about music? But Phidias has done better still. He has deemed it apropos to represent in the western frieze of the temple, what might be called the side scenes of the fête—there he introduces us to the preparations and the toilet of the actors, and the details are so extremely familiar, that they might easily take rank among the commonplaces of life. On one side some young people are trying their horses, as for instance, the one of whom we have talked so much to-day; others are

bridling their mounts, others again are talking with their companions and finishing dressing themselves; farther on, a horse, by a movement of his head is chasing away flies that are stinging his legs; in fact the sculptor has permitted one thing which would have frightened a realist, for below the pediment of the temple, at the extremity of a frieze—representing the most holy—the most solemn of the fêtes, he is not afraid to carve—in short, you know what I would say, and what that young man proudly placed there at the extreme left, holding his hands up—’

“‘He is putting on his shirt,’ said the Doctor; ‘he is holding it up—open—just ready to put his head through.’

“‘We will excuse your explanations, Doctor,’ said the Marchioness. ‘It will be better for you to aid us in our dilemma, for we are in an awkward place, and there is a semblance of truth in all this.’

“‘My lady,’ said the Doctor, ‘from the moment that Phidias recognized a soul in our horse, I no longer had any right to complain of him—and after

all, when Phidias could be a realist, where would be the harm ?’

“She replied that he could say what he pleased about it, but that having always been antagonistic to realism herself, it was difficult to retract, a thing always hurtful to a woman’s dignity.

“‘But Nanni,’ she continued seriously, ‘your hand on your heart, do you intend to enroll Phidias in the number of those artists—in love with the grotesque and trivial, who do not fear to give Diana the lineaments, the face, and the carriage of a masculine woman ?’

“‘Heaven help me,’ he answered! ‘Phidias was more of a realist than those men, and would never have committed such a blunder ; it is as contrary to nature to make an ugly woman of Diana, as for a Dutch or Flemish genre artist, to represent a servant standing on the steps of the door of an inn (a favorite study with them), with the carriage and expression of Diana the huntress—for nature contains everything, but everything is in its place. And certainly you

know that story about Donatello and his friend Brunelleschi.'

" 'I do not recall it,' she said.

" 'Donatello in his youth made a wooden crucifix, and satisfied with his work showed it to Filippo Brunelleschi for his opinion—or more properly—his admiration. Brunelleschi smiled, and said nothing. Donatello insisting on knowing what he thought, he said, at last, "The crucifix would be beautiful were it not that by a singular caprice, this is not a Christ, but a villager, a *peasant*, that you have put on the cross." Surprised and mortified, Donatello defied him to do it better himself, and Brunelleschi took him at his word, and secretly began the work; he labored for a long time, and put upon his mettle, did his very best to succeed. When he had finished his crucifix, the same that we see to-day, in the Santa Croce at Florence, and which often has been taken for a work of Michael Angelo, so highly finished is it, he nailed it against the wall of his room where the best light would fall on it. Then going to Donatello, who had

given no further thought to it, he invited him to dine with him, and as they walked along through the market together, he bought some eatables and a bottle or two of wine, and put them all into a basket which he handed to his friend, saying, "I have an errand in another direction; take these to my room, and I will join you in a few moments." Donatello started on, arrived at his friend's quarters, opened the door—and as he entered—saw the crucifix, on which just at that moment a ray of sunlight fell. As if struck by lightning, he let his basket fall, and plates, bottles, everything broke in pieces; while stupefied, dazed, overwhelmed, his arms extended towards the crucifix, his eyes fastened upon it, tears flooding his cheeks, he stood fastened to the spot like a petrified man, until his friend entering, he cried out, throwing himself into his arms: "*A te e conceduto fare i Cristi, e a me i contadini!*"* Now I demand which of these artists—Brunelleschi or Donatello, was the greater

* I concede to thee the honor of making a Christ. I have made only a peasant

realist? I should say the former, since attentive to conforming to the reality of things, he guarded against giving the Saviour of the world the face of a rustic, just as he would have avoided giving to Perrette the milkmaid* the lines of a Madonna, or to Colas † the forehead and look of a Saint Paul. I love to take words in their true acceptation, and on that account I had no difficulty in proclaiming Phidias to be the most realistic of all the sculptors.’

“ ‘Has he not won his cause, and shall we not retract entirely?’ said the Marchioness.

“ ‘God forbid,’ he replied; ‘do not, my lady, allow yourself to be taken in by his assurance, and you may be certain that he knows where the shoe pinches! do you not see that he is telling us stories, and playing on words to conceal the embarrassment of his position? He is a juggler who shows us his tricks whilst he pilfers the ball; but these beautiful sleight of hand turns will be of no earthly use to him, and I

* La Fontaine's Fable—*La Laitière et le Pot au Lait*.

† *Fan fau et Colas*—Fable from the Abbé Aubert.

will catch him yet in my net. And notice further, has he not told us before that imagination was necessary in order to observe nature well, adding however, that it was not alone sufficient to make the artist; hence by his own showing it is not enough for the artist to study nature attentively, to reproduce her with fidelity; and there precisely is what we wish to force him to admit.'

“‘Oh! if that is the only question,’ said Nanni, ‘from the moment that he ceases to go back to the *ideal* you will find me ready to go with you where you wish.’

“‘Then,’ said the Chevalier, in a triumphant tone, ‘you confess?’

“‘I confess,’ interrupted the child, ‘that the imitation of nature is the means to the end, not the end of art.’

“‘Do explain yourself, I beg of you, for there is still time,’ said the Marchioness. ‘My olive crown is finished; it rests with you to merit it.’

“Nanni became thoughtful, and hiding his head in his hands, said, sighing :

“‘Oh! if I only knew how to talk!’

“‘If he does not know how to talk, he knows how to sing,’ said the Doctor; ‘he has written a small poem in octaves on this very subject, that I found lying about on the table. If he would give it to you, you would soon know what we are to think about the origin of art.’

“‘Oh! the marvellous poem,’ she said. ‘Recite it, Nanni.’

“‘I do not know it by heart, my lady,’ said he, darting at the Doctor a reproachful glance, ‘and besides, those verses are unworthy of you!’

“‘I will tell you what I remember of it,’ said the Doctor, twisting the long tube of his *narghilé* around his right arm, as the serpent tamer does the serpent with which he plays: ‘to tell you the truth I do not guarantee it word for word, but I if sew on any lace it will be the real *Valenciennes*, about which the most delicate taste cannot complain.’

“The Marchioness showed her incredulity by a movement of the head, which did not hinder the

Doctor, however, from regaling us with the little story which follows :

“ ‘ The fourth Facardin*,’ said he, in a mysterious tone, ‘ went away in search of the Princess Vertugadine, the dreamer, when one day, traversing a great plain bordered with forests, his ear was suddenly struck by a confused murmur, made by a multitude of voices which did not sound human. He directed his steps in the direction of the noise—toward the edge of the wood, and the nearer he approached, the stronger and more discordant the voices grew. Any one but a Facardin would have been frightened into running away ; but he was not a man to shrink from any adventure however terrible—and continuing on—he soon arrived in the midst of this strange concert. Don’t think, my lady, that he found a theatrical orchestra or violinists scraping their bows on the strings of their violins, or flutists breathing into the mouths of their German flutes, or drummers striking their ass

* *The Four Facardins*—by Antoine Hamilton—somewhat in the style of the Arabian Nights.

skins with redoubled force ; no, he saw around him only rocks, shrubbery, flowers, a turf wet with the waters of a clear brook, and a great thick forest which extended out of sight—and what will surprise you too—Facardin was not long in finding out that these rocks, bushes, trees, brooks and flowers were the musicians. But as a reward, among these trees, brooks, bushes and rocks, there were none who were not more or less of musicians. To tell the truth these strange symphonists were not equal in voice and method : some had only one note which they repeated over and over again untiringly, others knew two or three, others again were proficient enough to play fragments of airs ; but all were equally eager to show what they knew, and what was most distracting, striving to do their best, they had the misfortune not to understand each other ; each one repeated his own air without concerning himself about the vocalisings of his neighbor, and you can judge of the clatter. There were even among them instruments out of tune ; the most deplorable false notes were struck without so much

as a frown. But what most astonished Facardin was to see several thousand winged guitars wandering through the air—I am speaking now, my lady, of guitars that had wings, not more extraordinary after all than the Singing Mare, the Illuminated Hat, the Adventure of the Isle of Lions*, things that you surely admit without the least scruple, and have no difficulty in believing. And these winged guitars flew hither and thither through space, condemned to the most frightful suffering. In effect, they were made so that their cords repeated, notwithstanding every effort to prevent it, all the noises that were made around them; and fancy their despair in being compelled each one to echo all those discordant sounds, scattered notes, and fragments of melody without any common sense. Their contortions and grimaces and strange antics as they moved through space bore abundant witness to their sufferings. Facardin, who wished to unburden his mind about all this, and whose ears began to tingle furiously, approached one of these

* From *Fleur d'Epine*.—Hamilton.

guitars and stopping it as it passed, made a low bow, and begged to be taught what this babel of sound signified, and to whom all the foolish uproar which resounded through the forests was addressed. The noise was so great that he had much trouble in making himself understood ; but at last a gust of wind having chased in another direction the racket of that infernal music, the guitar took a long breath and replied to Facardin—" Alas ! sir Knight, was there ever a punishment like ours ? Formerly we inhabited, my sisters and I, another world beyond the stars—a blessed world—where divine harmonies ever resounded, such as we rejoiced to repeat. But, for a peccadillo that one of us committed, the great maestro precipitated us on this earthly globe, and we are condemned eternally to repeat the frightful discordances that are heard on all sides. Judge of what we poor guitars have to suffer, who having lived in a country of virtuosos, know by experience what music is, and who in rare moments like these, when a storm of wind perchance silences these enraged performers, hear again from Heaven

occasional fragments of celestial harmonies !” “ But,” said Facardin, touched with the recital of such serious misfortune, “ is there no remedy for your ills ? Ah ! if only with a blow of this redoubtable sword my illustrious hand could break the fatal enchantment of which you are the victim ! You would have only to speak—Facardin would esteem it a happy privilege to relieve a guitar as distinguished by worth and by birth as you seem to be !” And with these words, he prepared to unsheath : but in a tone of mockery the guitar replied : “ Your lordship may put your useless sword back into the scabbard—sabre strokes will not cure us—quite different treatment is necessary. Only the great Caramoussal* has the power to assuage our sufferings, and when that illustrious magician deigns to appear among us, the joy that we experience consoles us for our woes.”

“ At this moment the gust of wind had ceased, and the uproar was beginning worse than ever ; but

* Caramoussal, a character in the *Four Facardins*.

suddenly, Caramoussal appeared—accompanied by Cupid—his master.

“ ‘Cupid,’ exclaimed the Marchioness, striking her foot, ‘is Cupid really the subject of your poem, Nanni?’

“ ‘No, I think not, not more than Caramoussal and Facardin.’

“ ‘I thought not,’ she replied. ‘Doctor, this Cupid is one of your lace frills, and doubtless if I had not interrupted you here, we should have had in his suite arrows, quivers, pierced hearts, snares, roses, and all those trappings *à la Pompadour*, which make up your small verses—for you intermingle your own composition, the dullest, most insipid, most sickening love songs that ever an *Abbè de Cour* delivered at the toilet of a Cydalise!’

“ ‘Well, my good lady, what else can you expect, when I tell you that my genius has a romantic turn. You see that in my imagination everything is transformed into a knightly epic.’”

“ ‘Chivalry *à la Madame Cottin*,’ she replied. ‘But truly you choose your time and your place.’

Two steps from the Academy and discoursing on Phidias—Vertugadine, the dreamer—is a fitting subject! Nanni, recite your own verses, and in future don't leave them lying about on tables; you see when you do, to what absurd metamorphosis they are condemned. I would like to know what all these trifles, guitars, Cupid, and Caramoussal have taught me about the origin of art.'

“ Nanni looked first through his poem for defects, for he was as modest as he was timid; then, seeing that the Marchioness was chafing under the delay, he decided to gratify her, and began to recite. I wish I could repeat it—for it had many verses: but you will not expect me to remember the whole, and I will simply give you the substance in two words. According to him, Love—also the god of Music—has lived from eternity in the breast of harmony; but impelled by his own nature to share with others, he created the world, and this world created by Love, like Love, himself, could be none other than harmony itself. Thus every existence of which the universe is

composed, and which fills space and time, executes a part in the vast symphony composed by the god. Meanwhile Love could not create without matter; without it no world was possible—but Matter, which the old theologians confounded with Night, was not only blind, but deaf—utterly insensible to harmony and music, and of her own natural inclination tended continually to bring the world back to chaos. That blessed harmony which Love has deposited in the heart of all things is immortal as himself—but Matter has deafened and enfeebled—more or less—all those voices whose resonance ought to form the eternal hymn of the universe. And the god from the height of his empyrean heard only some half-stifled sounds, which reaching him occasionally, resembled a confused stammering, or the wailing of a child whose tongue is tied; often, too, the reciting parts, weak by nature—emitted vague, uncertain sounds, and only an accompaniment could be heard—no doubt of a rich composition—but without any melody, conveying no more sense than if, in the overture of a grand orchestra, the violins

assigned to the principal theme suddenly stopped playing, and only the flageolet, trombone and violincello were heard. Love not content with his work resolved to correct it, and ordering into his presence the demons who were his workmen, as the Cyclops were of Vulcan, he ordered them to make silver lyres, so constructed that their strings absorbed all sounds, and repeated them intensified. The demons worked day and night forging these lyres, whilst the god—on his part—reserved to himself the privilege of fashioning some lyres with his own hands—and that was the beginning of the difference between the work of demons and of gods. For the demons, whose industry was admirable, applied themselves assiduously to giving their silver lyres such delicacy and sensitiveness, that the lightest and most fugitive noise was repeated on their strings with marvellous clearness and sonorousness. Then, their work being finished—by order of the god, they scattered those lyres throughout the universe. But what was the result? Exhausted and deafened by the sounds in their immediate vicinity,

and reverberating with unparalleled clatter, these silver lyres could not distinguish the more distant sounds, carried on the wind, and so each one, echoing one or two isolated parts of the grand concert, was powerless to produce the whole. When all the song fragments scattered in the four corners of the world could be reunited and heard, they formed a perfect harmony in which Love could be recognized, as in the golden lyre of Love's own making; but each of these silver lyres lost in the little corner of space into which it had been thrown, bringing forth emphatically some notes not linked to any others—sought in vain for any sense in these broken fragments of melody repeated mechanically, and inharmonious vibrations, without connection or object—created a vague uneasiness and—at times an indescribable suffering. But Love, who never wanted his creatures to suffer, summoning the resources of his magic art to his aid, himself made lyres of gold with marvellous properties: for these lyres fashioned by Love's own hand, and possessing in themselves inherent harmony, whatever the scattered notes may be

with which their chords vibrate, repeat with them all the scattered tones which respond at every interval of the melody, and no matter where they may find themselves in the universe, reproduce the divine harmony of things. These lyres of gold are also the consolation and delight of the silver lyres—made by the demons—because they reveal to them the melodious meaning of all the sounds which happen to sweep through them: and as soon as one of these sacred lyres has appeared, and made the air resound with its chords, all the others flying ahead—like amorous doves gather about their divine sister—and eagerly pressing near—or flying against the wind—so that the puffs may bring these enchanting melodies back to them—they repeat again the whole, and for a time taste the mysterious delights of an existence which attains to self-knowledge and to feeling the presence of a god within itself; and from all these voices a divine concert is heard which rejoices Love himself on his throne.’

“‘ Now, my lady, will you persist in applying to

me the proverb: *Traduttore, traditore,*' said the Doctor, when Nanni had finished his poem.

“‘With the exception of the lyres that I have changed into guitars, an instrument that I love to distraction, and the god Love, to whom I gave his classic name of Cupid, what harm have I done to the allegory of our young poet? In fact I retraced it rather skilfully, for you must admit that my version is more orthodox than the text, not to speak of the happy changes that I was prepared to introduce in the denouement. Estimating in effect that there had been enough about lyres—or guitars,—as you please—instead of golden lyres, I personified art under the character of the great Caramoussal, who, a harmonica in his hands—’

“‘Enough, my good Doctor,’ she said, ‘spare me your Caramoussal, and his harmonica, and allow me to enter into an explanation with our young friend; for although I flatter myself that I have penetrated into the sense of his allegory, yet I would like to know what these gold and silver lyres have to do with the

unravelling of realism, and I would be grateful to him if he would enlighten me. See if I understand you rightly'—she continued, addressing Nanni. 'According to you, the universe taken as "a whole which satisfies us," to use Bourgelat's words, produces a delightful grand concert; but to enjoy this concert, one must have some idea of the whole; with a single glance one must take in what is going on at Peking and at Paris, and also in one single thought embrace the whole course of universal history; that would mean for example that the twentieth century would rescue and settle for men of the nineteenth century the discords which grate on their ears. But we poor silver lyres, we other poor little commonplace souls, such as the Doctor and myself—we understand nothing, and only repeat an abbreviated measure, a few notes not in touch with anything, whose sense we strive in vain to interpret, and our great need is a beautiful golden lyre:—that is to say, that some great artist soul by the inspiration of Love, and with the power of comprehending the whole of things, might deign to

approach and soothe our heart and ears with his delicious melodies.'

“‘ Oh! my lady,’ cried Nanni, ‘ there are some among those lyres of gold, who are not artists by profession.’

“‘ No compliments, I entreat ; I am evidently a poor little silver lyre only, which has never absorbed an entire melody, and I assure you that I have often felt such mortal suffering when a thousand incomprehensible noises have swept over my soul that at times it seemed as though my heart strings would break. There are also days when I repeat until almost breathless—silver-plated chords like certain accompaniments of Italian operas, and wait vainly with impatience for the solo to begin. Then I am very happy when a golden lyre draws near ; I too, fly to meet it like a dove, and cry out as soon as it comes in sight—“ Come and make me understand the meaning of the miserable accompaniment that I have been playing for a whole day, without knowing why ! ” ’ ”

“ ‘To understand is not precisely the word, my lady,’ replied Nanni ; ‘art is not philosophy, and artists are not speculative. The foundation of art is *passion*. Am I wrong in thinking that everything has its emotions, which acting on our souls, produce those more or less prolonged, more or less energetic vibrations that are called passions? The forms, figures and movements of the material world, the dull work of vegetation, the perfume of flowers, the lights and shadows, the storms and serenities of the sky, the vicissitudes of the seasons, the eternal succession of births and deaths in the bosom of nature, and equally the play and drama of destiny, the fantastic caprices of chance, the great strokes of fate, all the accidents of life and history, in a word, the infinitely varied modes of action upon our soul, move and stir and impassion it. Philosophy teaches us that universal order is composed, so to speak, of peculiar disorders ; discords are necessary to all strong and masculine harmony, and it follows that most men, that is the majority of souls, who live and die without knowing more than a

particular part of the universe, reproduce in their passions the apparent inharmony of what has come into immediate contact with them. On the contrary, privileged souls whom love has fashioned and inspired himself, whatever the place and lot assigned them below, and however narrow the horizon of their destiny, witness in sentiment and movement, however secret, to that harmony which is their essence and their being: the universe is present in their every sensation, the perfume of a flower, the song of a bird, the look of a child are sufficient to awaken the music of the spheres in their souls; and all the passions which act on them form, to use the language of Plato, a kind of chain from soul to soul, or rather a marvellous concert which is the echo of the sacred concert of every existence. These lyres of gold also taste of ineffable delights unknown to other souls; but, being inspired by love, they inherit his desire of making others happy by sharing his joys—or, leaving our lyres, these superior souls feel the irresistible need of communicating their enjoy-

ment to others, and some of them have the gift of doing so—these are the men whom we call great artists ; they create with forms and colors, with words and images, a world into which they pour the passion which overflows from their own bosom, and their own work gives to all who approach it, the sacred inspiration which brought it forth. But this world created by the great artists is not a setting in the clear, nor a recasting of the world of realities, for the disciples of love are not so foolish as to presume to improve on the work of their master : they aspire only to make the universe—as they see it themselves, visible in their works—to others, and what the artist sees and feels in nature, others can attain to seeing and feeling by means of art, which is only concentrated nature. To that end, examining nature and life with religious care, great artists endeavor to appropriate to themselves the processes of creative thought, and they study especially the signs by which the Soul of creative thought manifests himself in the least of his works, just as, in order to speak correctly, we study

with care the vocabulary of our language, and the rules of grammar; it is in effect by means of these sacred hieroglyphics, that artists create for themselves a language to express that passion subservient to the law of rhythm and harmony which inspires in them the sight of the great whole, and that love, the moving and vivifying principle of the world, distils, so to speak, into their soul, as the mother causes her own blood to pass into the heart of the child that she nourishes. Only, the artist takes great care that all these signs borrowed from nature, by which he reveals himself to the little and ignorant, shall be made easily intelligible to all minds, and to that end he examines his lines closely, exposes them in a strong light, and frees them from all which might offend or obscure.'

“ ‘ If that is called *idealizing nature*, I consent to it, although the word does not please me; but it is none the less certain that poetry, sculpture and painting propose not to adorn, but to make a summary of nature. Thus, for example, a portrait painted by Titian or Rembrandt is the resumé of a whole life, or

a drama of Shakespeare the resumé of the book of destiny ; and the only difference between art and nature is that art presents to us the whole abbreviated. This great magician evokes those infinite passions, the daughters of Love, which are the secret power of things, and constrains them to reveal themselves to the children of men by a gesture, a look, a word, a sigh from their inmost soul, and Love himself, surrendering to these enchantments, reveals his whole being in one single pulsation of the universe.'

“ ‘ At last, I understand you,’ said the Marchioness ; ‘ the realistic painter and Poussin are equally exact in their imitation of nature ; but the former paints trees which are only trees—and Poussin paints impassioned trees, and as if he were filled with the sentiment which from the soul of things has passed into his artist’s soul ; and if the *Venus de Milo* seems more beautiful than women of flesh and blood, it is not that—strictly speaking—women cannot be found just as beautiful, but that the mystery of passion which the sculptor has infused into the heart of the

marble of his statues, gives him a super-human power which confounds us.'

“‘In other words,’ said I, in my turn, ‘Nanni appears to me to think that the pretended realists render nature as they see her with equal fidelity; only they have the misfortune to look upon her with the eyes of the vulgar, for to make the best of it, they have only imperfect abilities which attempt to turn into a system the impotence of their pencil, and the sterility of their inspirations—and it is a long way from their apes and toy temples to those well-tinned saucepans of Van Ostade, in which he has revealed to us a life of order, honest ease, and sweet domestic joy, that is to say, one of the surest means of happiness in this lower world.’

“‘Oh! don’t moralize; that would carry us off from the subject,’ said the Marchioness. ‘Busy yourself rather with resolving a difficulty, Nanni, which worries me. Our golden lyres all repeat the same air, the same glorious hymn of Love, and consequently I

cannot see what room they leave for the originality of artists.'

“ ‘Love has provided for that,’ he replied, ‘for besides having given each of the lyres a particular tone, he has been careful to tune them on different keys, one on the Dorian, another on the Phrygian, another on the Lydian, and still another on the Ionian, and so the harmony of the universe, in resounding on the different chords, adapts itself to the particular character of each instrument, and this is why works of a great artist breathe a certain determined passion, the contagion of which is irresistible.

“ ‘And thus, my lady, when you have read Shakspeare you feel within you the influence of that supreme irony which plays freely in everything that he wrote ; Ariosto infects you with that mad delight in sylphs and goblins which animated himself : Tasso plunges us into voluptuous emotion ; Aristophanes leaves on our lips the sparkling laugh of a Silène who has quaffed frenzy in the golden cup of the gods, and

Molière fills us with a manly gaiety mingled with a certain kindly bitterness which fortifies the heart.

“The pictures of Poussin evolve I know not what of majestic reverie, and Claude Lorraine, whose pencil celebrated torch-light fêtes, envelopes our thoughts as he does our gaze with that golden atmosphere which floods his landscapes. That admirable arrangement from Haydn which we were playing on your piano yesterday, you said left in your soul a readiness for living which charmed you, whilst a certain sonata of Beethoven's brings to you the sensation of that perfect peace which follows a struggle, and of a brilliant triumph obtained over the distressing inconsistencies with which history abounds in epochs of revolutionary trouble—if to-morrow we play that Mozart's symphony that you know, you will actually feel wings growing, and you will find yourself flying over the surface of life as the sea-gull skims the waves, and dipping her wings, flies off suddenly toward the heavens, uttering cries of joy—and each of these passions in which universal harmony is met with again, is one of

those voices of which the heart of Ideas is composed, conducted and directed by Love.’

“‘And our horse!’ said she, smiling, ‘it is time to return to him.’

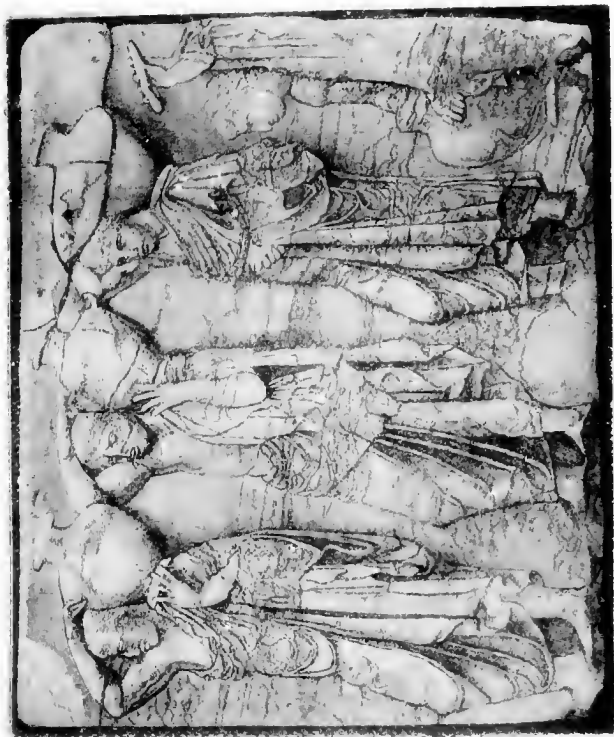
“‘Ah!’ said he, ‘my lady, the Greeks were past masters in the art of making their work, to its inmost centre, thrill with living passion, manifested by the most speaking and expressive indications, careful, however, to subordinate the details, so that the whole contributed and combined to enhance the general effect.

“‘So proceeded the great sculptor charged with carving on the frieze of the Parthenon the representation of that magnificent procession, which on the last day of the Panathenaic fête, entered from the Ceramic side of the city, and after having rolled slowly through streets and parks, mounted to the citadel to place at the feet of Minerva Poliades the new Peplos * embroidered by the hands of the virgins.

* See Appendix.

“ His first care was to impress himself with the spirit of his subject and to imprint on the immense work the character of the august ceremony to be represented. It was a fête worthy of his divine chisel, and the genius of it breathes through and through the work, especially the calm and serenity that produces momentary forgetfulness of the barren duties of everyday life, the sweet liberty and joyous flight of spirits refreshing and unbending themselves, who on coming out of the struggles of the Agora and the stormy strifes of the Pnyx, relax and take time to breathe, and enjoy themselves; in a word, that restful repose which suspending the weariness of thought, and disquieting cares, imparts a supreme and delicious buoyancy to the soul. Yes, body and soul, all is marvelously light in this incomparable bas-relief except those rams and bulls, and *météques** skilfully dis-

* *Météque*, a foreigner—who for the privilege of living in Athens, pays extra, besides regular imposts. In the Panathenæan festival servile duties were performed by *Météques*. The man carried the sacred vessels, and his wife held the umbrella over the Athenian matrons. The *Météque* had to have a patron, to be responsible for him. They could trade under certain restrictions, and sometimes made large fortunes, and won the rights of citizenship.



MÉTÉQUEΣ.—FOREIGNERS.—BEARERS OF BURDENS IN THE
PANATHENAIC PROCESSION.

tributed here and there by the artist, who knows better than anyone the powerful effect of contrast. They are light as the wind, those horses whose design he borrowed from the race in which the lightest horses in the world ran, horses trained and suppled by the Athenian school, appearing lighter still because unharnessed, and by the lifting up of their mane, for if it had been allowed to fall, there would have been a risk of making their slender necks look heavy. And how buoyant and—as it were—relieved from any inconvenient burden are these souls, whose peacefulness revealed in the looks and gestures of the magistrates, in the venerable beauty of the old men, in the easy step of the young virgins, bearing their pateras and baskets, in the easy movements of the musicians playing the flutes and lyre in the delicate forms of the Athenian youth, with their tunics flowing gracefully in the air. All that innumerable crowd, is imbued with the same sentiment, inspired with the same thought, and their contours and faces have been hollowed into the marble

with a mysterious faithfulness by fugitive lines from the most delicate and lightest chisel ever used :’

“ ‘ And so on this colossal bas-relief—on which nature is rendered with unparalleled fidelity, Phidias has reproduced the grand Panathenæan procession with its infinite variety of aspects and episodes, and over those four hundred feet of marble breathes one single passion, which animating, filling all, is the soul of this great work, just as in the life of a noble heart—one grand sentiment—like an insensible breath, diffuses measure, unity and harmony over all !’

“ Nanni delivered this tirade with enthusiasm ; his voice trembling, his brow radiant, his great eyes shining with a sombre fire ; never have I seen him so beautiful.

“ Apparently the Marchioness thought just as I did, for she forgot herself entirely in looking at that glorious inspired head, and when after his last words, Nanni raised his eyes, which had been until then fixed on the ground, he encountered her ardent gaze fastened upon him, a gaze full of a sweet poison that the

heart of the young man drank in deep draughts. A delicious embarrassment took possession of him—he lowered his head and bent over Ugly—caressing him with a feverish hand. Happily for him, he did not attempt to look at the Marchioness again, for if he had, he would have seen a stern brow, an icy look, and a disdainful and haughty countenance.

“I understand you, Marchioness, I thought to myself; it was homage to the artistic beauty of that child that you rendered, and you are vexed with him for thinking your heart was involved.

“This little side scene which interested me seemed to have escaped the attention of our friends. The Chevalier had gone off to look at a rose-bush, judging that it was more dignified not to listen to Nanni to the end. The Doctor was blowing on the ashes of his narghilé—which was almost out; the Abbot, who from the beginning of the story had given no signs of life, was immovable as a blockhead, his hat thrust over his eyes, his arms crossed on his

chest, evidently contemplating his own thoughts floating in imaginary space.

“As for his lordship, who had just finished his flute, he began to draw from it harsh, piercing, nasal sounds, which gave the Marchioness a wretched trembling. She covered her ears with her hands quickly, crying: ‘Oh! my lord, heaven confound your music! We have just heard about the breath of the universe passing over the chords of golden lyres, and you seize this moment to torture our ears with your infernal flute!’

“And finding that, notwithstanding her complaint, he calmly continued to play on his instrument,—

“‘Oh! that flute!’ she cried, rising from her chair; ‘from the hour I was born it has pursued me; it has been the pest of my life. . . . My lord! my lord! you have no pity!’

“And with these words, looking troubled, she darted into the garden and disappeared behind a hedge.”

CHAPTER V.

“THE Chevalier and the Doctor started out in search of the Marchioness, whilst his lordship continued his extemporaneous musicale in the face of the Abbot, who, seated opposite, did not seem to hear his outrageous concert. I left them to the delights of the tête a-tête, and seizing Nanni’s arm I led him away in the direction of the little bridge. He followed me without resistance, plunged as he was in a reverie as deep as that of the Abbot.

“ I have always had a fancy for busying myself with other people’s affairs, and I have more than once filled to the best of my ability the functions of a deputy of Providence, who generally leaves much to his substitutes to do. Everyone to his hobby—mine is to read hearts readily—and to unravel countenances at sight ; I feel the pulse of sick people willingly, and consider myself better versed in the science of diagnostics than in the history of the frieze of Ionic columns. As I have already told you, there is something in my face

which begets confidence, and I do not fear contradiction. It has even happened at times that wounded hearts have revealed their troubles to me, and have come to me to be cured. In all honesty, I can bear testimony that I never killed a client; I can even boast of having cured last year in Rome an old Russian dowager—who complained that her case was not understood, and her canary which was dying of the pip. That double cure gave me great confidence in my lancets, juleps and drops, and from that day I vowed never to lose any occasion of lavishing my cures on suffering humanity. Of course, as soon as I was initiated into the little heart-affair that was going on between Phidias, the Marchioness, the Count of B., and Nanni, I swore by all the gods that I would be the *Deus ex Machinâ* of the denouement. The Count of B. interested me, and I was not slow in espousing his cause warmly. Thanks to my habitual sagacity, I had divined at once that he was loved and that the Marchioness, true coquette that she was, desiring to stimulate his tenderness entertained herself more than

was reasonable with Phidias and Nanni to excite his jealousy. Unfortunately she had gone too far, and after numberless teasings and tormentings, he became sour and sulky, and the whole thing developed into an embroiled household. After the rupture the Marchioness believed she owed it to her wounded pride to efface from her heart the remembrance of a lover so sensitive and exacting ; but she struggled in vain, her passion remained mistress of the field of battle ; thence came her moody and irritable spells, certain melancholy reflections on the past, half-stifled sighs, and expressive stampings, certain looks which seemed to say, ‘ Sister Ann, do you see anything coming ? ’ But that proud soul had too much energy to surrender ; she used every means in her power to beguile her ennui, and smother her chagrin ; that silver lyre listened faithfully to the sublime recitative sounded by the lyres of gold, or by the harmonies of the great Carroussal, and tried to respond on her own chords . . . Vain effort ! Her heart preferred to breathe a little plaintive song whose pathos won her, and within the

last few days, although she hid it with the greatest care, I was convinced in spite of the denials of the bored uncle, that she was at the end of her struggle, and that her pride, menaced in its hiding place, only concerned itself in making an honorable retreat.

“In his last letter to his lordship, the Count, desperate, and distrusting the diplomatic qualities of the worthy baronet, had designated me as the advocate to plead his cause. This token of confidence flattered me peculiarly, and I decided that I would not fail in my undertaking; one thing alone worried me, the blow that I was obliged to give to Nanni. I intended to have a preliminary talk with him, and to prepare him for his misfortune. Meditating on the best way of operating on the cataract of the poor boy, and of amputating his illusions, that he might suffer as little as possible, I cursed the look which—falsely interpreted by his credulous heart of poet and lover, had filled him with an unspeakable joy, and added to the difficulty of my undertaking.

“Walking with him then toward the little bridge,

I said to myself, ‘ Endeavor to make him hear reason ; but use tact—treat that poor sick soul with gentleness ; it has wounds that can only be touched with a tender hand ; and thereupon softening the natural tone of my voice, which was rather rough usually, I said,

“ ‘ My poor child, you are a fool ! ’ He trembled, raised his eyes, looked at me, and threw back his head with a superb air ; then dropping it on his chest again, he withdrew his arm, and went on walking without a word.

“ ‘ A bad start,’ I said to myself ; ‘ I have not one grain of common sense : I promised myself to begin tenderly, and I open the conversation with a blow of my fist ! ’

“ I began to rack my brain to find a new exordium that should be gentle, warning, and engaging, and I meditated so profoundly, that we were on the little bridge before I opened my mouth. Then confused by the barrenness of my own ideas, I attempted a second time to break the ice at all hazards, and in a voice

that I forced myself to make caressing and soft, I said :

“ ‘Nanni, what folly this of yours is.’

“ You see that I had not varied my exordium after all, and I was not able to, for he interrupted me quickly, pointing to a passing Albanian with his white skirt closely fluted, and said,

“ ‘They pretend that these people descend from the Pelagians. You can read about it in a big German book called I don’t know what; the author is perfectly sure of his facts—as learned Germans in general are : Let who will believe it.’

“ Then turning away indifferently, he walked towards the café, whistling a little air under his breath; I followed him across with my eyes.

“ ‘ Ah, thou dost not wish to listen to me !’ I said to myself, ‘ and thou art trying to baffle me ! wretched child ! I am not so easily repulsed ! thou wilt resist in vain, and end by listening to me !’

“ And starting off again in quest of a new exordium. ‘ Why begin with an apostrophe ?’ I said to



ALBANIAN IN FLUTED SKIRT.

myself ; 'it is a brutal form, so much disliked by naughty children.' But I set my wits to work in vain : neither the fine subtleties of logic nor figures of rhetoric favored me when I opened my mouth to speak, and at the sight of that noble young head, so proud and delicate, at once all my rhetoric went to pieces. I struggled, I held my breath, I rubbed my forehead, took off my hat, ran my hand through my hair, put my hat on again, rubbed the forefinger of my left hand against the palm of my right, pinched my cheeks, stroked my gray beard, and took long strides as imposing as the eloquence that I was about to bring forth, or else twisting my limbs about, I made little rapid hurried steps, like the subtle reasonings with which I wished to entrap this boy. Again I looked down with a grave air, then raising my eyes, gazed right and left—everywhere—on the river, at the oleanders, the trees, the sky, but it was of no avail. The more I perspired, the less I was inspired. As for him, I believed he not only saw but enjoyed my embarrassment ; there was even one

moment when I thought I saw a malicious smile lurking around the corners of his mouth, and for the instant stung to the quick—as we drew near the second time to the little bridge, I struck him on the shoulder abruptly, and in a voice loud enough to draw the attention of the passers by, I cried—

“ ‘Tell me now, what are you hoping for?’ ”

“Interrogation had little better success than apostrophe. An angry flush mounted to his cheek, and eyeing me from head to foot, he replied :

“ ‘And who gave you the right to interrogate me?’ ”

“But this time I was resolved not to let my opportunity slip, and seizing his arm again, I said, lowering my voice, ‘You poor idiot, you just betrayed yourself a few minutes ago. Your soul was in your eyes, and anyone with half a glance could have surprised your secret. Fly, I entreat you, fly while there is yet time ; the very air you breathe here is fatal. You simply revel in seeing, drawing near her, and every drop of the poison that her eyes distil, falls into

your wound, and you suffer, you are consumed, it is killing you.'

"His whole aspect changed; he put his hand gently on my mouth, and I saw two tears gushing from his large, brown eyes, and rolling slowly down his cheeks.

" 'I hope for nothing,' he murmured sadly, 'I ask nothing, desire nothing. But if it is my fancy to suffer, why should that disturb you?' He was silent a moment, then warming up, began again.

" 'Yes, I am a fool, a poor fool; the fact remains, however, that I gave her pleasure for a second—her eyes fell on me, and I am going to live on it for many a day. Ah! if you only knew what that divine look did for me, and the beautiful thoughts that might grow out of it,' added he, touching his forehead; 'if she looked at me oftener with those eyes—but in the future, I promise you, I will restrain myself.'

" 'That is not the question at all, I said, angrily, but the only thing left for you to do is to make a man of yourself, and come out of this false position.

Believe me, the legitimate owner of a heart to which you have no pretensions whatever will be back again very soon, and do not compromise your dignity by staying about here until you are sent off to please him.’

“ He frowned, and shooting angry glances at me — said with rage —

“ ‘ Let him come ! and we will see how he will be received.’ But good heavens ! After all, what can there be in common between them ? Do they speak the same language ? Can their souls understand each other ? And you believe her capable Ah ! it is my turn to say to you, *studia le donne*.* ‘ This is a science in which you have not taken your degree.’

“ But, planting myself directly in front of him, and looking right into his eyes, I said :

“ ‘ Ah ! my foolish child ! would that you might have reason to believe or hope But tell me, have you forgotten the dear one in Venice, who at this moment lives only in thinking of you, who loves you, who waits for you, to whom you are pledged, and

* Study woman.

who knows not, alas, that in your heart's depths she is already betrayed—from whom probably no later than yesterday you received a letter, yes, a poor letter wet with tears, that you did not even open, and that would burn your hand if you touched it?'

“I said nothing more, for he had grown pale as death, and in trying to reply his lips trembled, he stammered a few confused words; then suddenly drawing his arm out of mine, he succeeded in escaping, and ran as fast as his legs would carry him towards the arbor.

“I followed without seeking to rejoin or recall him, and on my way said to myself, ‘After all, what if he has broken a heart; what difference does that make to me.’ And I began to hum a little air from a comic opera. Then I added, ‘But I should regret it, for it is a great big heart, and one of its fragments would be enough to make ten hearts of reasonable size, such as that of the Marchioness. While making these reflections, I arrived at the entrance to the arbor, and spying a small volume lying on the ground where the

Abbot had been sitting, I recognized it as the book which never left him, and which I had always taken for a breviary. I picked it up and opened it. This pretended breviary—a manuscript entirely in his own handwriting—contained a copy of some extracts of the *Benjamin Major et Minor* of Richard de Saint-Victor, of the *Republic by Plato*, of the *Treatise on the Existence of God* by Fénelon, and on *Ethics* by Spinoza.

“ ‘A strange breviary,’ I said to myself, ‘and into what society of *originals* have I intruded.’

“ I thrust the book in my pocket, and started off to find our party, who grouped on a hillock at the end of the garden, formed a circle around the Abbot, who was standing propped against a lemon tree.

“ ‘My dear Abbot,’ said the Marchioness, showing him the crown that she held—‘why not take part in this competition, and dispute yourself for this precious diadem with which I should delight to adorn your head?’

“ And when the Abbot, by a gesture signified that he felt himself unworthy of this great honor :

“ ‘ At least,’ she continued, ‘ will you not tell us whether you approve of all that has been said to-day about our horse ? ’

“ ‘ You have all spoken well,’ he replied, ‘ but talk about him to day, to-morrow and the day after, and you will never have exhausted the subject.’

“ ‘ But will you not say something yourself ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, yes, I repeat, you have done marvels, you have accommodated all kinds of eclecticism, you have put to flight idealism, and what is there left for me to know ? You have only forgotten one thing, a trifle, a mere nothing, in truth.’

“ ‘ What ? she asked.

“ ‘ You are like people going through a palace, who make a curious study of the architecture, statuary, pictures, furniture, and do not deign to give one thought, to accord one glance to the mistress of the house.

“ ‘ I don’t understand you,’ she said.

“ ‘Do I speak Hebrew,’ he replied? ‘Is it not true that the first speaker entertained us with the horse only, and nothing else? The second seeing that the horse carried a rider on his back, discussed the horse and the rider. The third premising that the equestrian group formed part of a frieze, treated it as one of the details of a whole. But has it entered into any of your minds that that frieze was the frieze of a temple, that that temple was the temple of Divine Wisdom; and now am I wrong in reproaching you for having thought of everything but the mistress of the house?’

“ ‘At all times,’ said the Doctor, ‘it has been the lot of Abbots to teach gallantry by precept and by example.’

“The Abbot did not appear to hear him, and taking off his hat and twisting it in his fingers, he said,

“ ‘Among the numberless heresies which have been delivered on the history of art, the effort seems to have been to draw the following distinction between classicism and romanticism. The classics we have

been told, have a way of looking at their subjects which allows them to view them as a whole ; their conceptions and their works are adequate, they are of equal importance, and combined together cover the whole ground perfectly ; therefore, the creations of classic art present to the mind a complete sentiment which explains itself, and when we have seized it, we are satisfied there is nothing further to divine. On the contrary the conceptions of romanticists are imaginary quantities, which are not realizable : the boldest caprices of their fancy are enamored of certain indefinite and chimerical types, which exceed all known means of expression : further they can only represent them indirectly by vague indication, whose mystery provokes us to our own reflections and finally forces us to complete by our own fancy that indefinable object which the artist has not been able to reveal as a whole to our senses. In other words the classics have such precise clearly defined imaginations that they are able to express themselves fully and with directness by means of signs borrowed from nature, and their works

offering to our gaze well designed forms and definite lines, awaken in us clear and distinct images, which calm our mind in fixing it—whilst the romanticists only being able to reveal the vague and profound sentiments which agitate them by out of the way allusions and mysterious symbols leave us to divine the answers to their enigmas, and by their “things understood,” throw us into an endless speculation.

“ ‘Thereupon these skilful critics—dividing themselves into two classes, according to the natural bent of their fancy—dive into the depths of romanticism, emphasizing sentimentality, reverie, mysticism, the thirst for the infinite—or else they undertake to extol the calm, the repose, the tranquility that the works of Greek artists breathe—the former ignoring that the painter or sculptor incapable of giving a complete form to his idea, is a defective artist, a miserable abortion—and the latter that a tranquil art is an execrable art. Heavenly justice! A tranquil architecture, a tranquil painting, tranquil music. If the Greeks have made art tranquil, let us grind all their works to powder! for, after

all, if it is only a question of tranquilizing me, the fumes of a good supper or a good pipe will do the work for me much better than paintings, statuary, poems and sonatas, the calmest in the universe !! The idea of attributing to the marbles of Phidias the virtues of narcotics! The people who think thus are those who cannot perceive that in the smallest fragment of Greek plastic art, there is a hundred fold more action than in the most polished work of modern sculptors: the apparent movement escapes them because the artist has held it in a perfect equilibrium. Witness those sculptured dancing girls on the fragment of a vase recently disinterred at the Acropolis, and which merit that eulogium awarded by Socrates to a young dancer: "Remark that child, he dances with his whole body; no part of his person remains idle. His head, his neck, his hands, all move in harmony with his limbs." Our partisans of tranquil art will sustain the position that the dancing girls are tranquil because all their movements combine in a perfect harmony. . . . The

truth is that they do not dance, their feet are wings, they fly as the birds. . . .’

“ ‘ The quotation from Socrates that you have just cited,’ interrupted the Doctor, ‘ makes me think of Garrick, expostulating with Prévile, one day when the latter—on horseback—counterfeited a drunken man, telling him that he was a drunkard everywhere but in his legs which seemed only to have been drinking water.’

“ ‘ Woe,’ the Abbot continued, ‘ woe to him whom Greek art leaves tranquil! He is born tranquil, the poor wretch, and death will be no event to him—for he will have been dying by inches before hand. And woe to him who requires the Muses to plunge him into idle and languishing dreams! For the passions that inspire a healthy art, are principles of action. I mean, they hold, are possessed of joy, which is not repose but the supreme activity of the soul. Far from respecting our repose—Sophocles and Phidias excite in us aspirations infinite as eternity; but they exalt our strength equally with our desires, and transformed by

their spirit, our souls become like eagles, who, their cage door open—see the sunlight, and drunk with the noontide glare, beat the air with their immense wings, and stimulated by a mysterious force these captive kings break their chains, dart into space, and mount higher and higher toward their adored stars. And this is what joy is—an aspiration heavenward, which gives us courage to conquer; an infinite love which holds in a victorious embrace the object of its covetousness, a desire without limit, which in order to renew the delights of possession, is born over and over again.’

“‘Joy,’ I murmured under my breath, ‘is the *transition of man from lesser to greater perfection.*’* Decidedly, Spinoza figures in what you have said, M. Abbot.’

“But the Marchioness silenced me with an imperious gesture, and the Abbot, who had not heard me, continued as follows:—

“‘These clever people say that a Gothic church

* *Lætitia est hominis transitio a minore ad majorem perfectionem.*

with its pointed arches mounting to the sky, bears the soul into the infinite : a Greek temple leaves us on the earth, calms us—is the image of peace and repose. Well, my friends, you know about that. From the first time that you were led to the Parthenon, it was not repose that you found there, but an indescribable transport which drew you on to the abode of the divinity. And that impression is not alone produced by the lightness of the columns gradually decreasing and growing more and more slender and by those flutings, which while enlarging the surface, seem to diminish it. But you know, all those columns, like the four walls of the *cella*, incline lightly toward the inside ; instead of being parallel, they seem to part in order to meet again in space, and gravitate toward a centre placed at an infinite height, and you gaze, and your thoughts mount with them, and continuing their movement, penetrate to the depths of the heavens in pursuit of that imaginary centre. Thus by an artifice of his genius, Ictinus, with his thirty-five feet high columns, produced the same



THE PARTHENON.

effect as our Gothics with their triple stories of mounting columns one above the other. Great principle of Greek art! To cover carefully her intentions, and to produce the greatest effects by the least apparent means. Scarcely have we entered the nave, than the Gothic Church cries out "I propose to bear thee to the heavens." The Greek temple aims to say: "I rest with thee here below." By a divine ruse it lifts our thoughts from earth higher than any cathedral arch, for we see the terminating effort of the bold arch—whilst the Doric columns gravitate toward a point in space beyond our gaze. And when I speak of effort, that is the point. Everywhere in the Gothic church it is felt, and it is a labored effort, like a prayer which despairs of reaching God—because he is so high—and the great travail of the sorrowful aspiration gives that impression of being overwhelmed, which is so overpowering at Fribourg, Cologne or Strasbourg. But in the Parthenon there is no effort, no fatigue; you mount, mount with those aërial columns. "How easy it is to go to God" is the thought—the heart

expands, and a heavenly joy possesses the whole being. Thus it was in the architecture of her horse that the goddess protectress of Athens revealed her soul, for that divine Wisdom whose immortal traits Phidias fixed in ivory is the principle and inexhaustible source of that intellectual joy which exalts all the powers of the soul. And as that august sovereign manifested herself in the structure and order of her temple, so in the decoration of this magnificent edifice everything announced her reign, and proclaimed her power. On the frontals, Phidias had made his students carve (for there is no possibility of his having executed the whole of this gigantic work himself) the birth of the Goddess and her triumph over the god of the sea. In their turn the metopes of the exterior frieze told every beholder of the exploits of heroes, nurslings, and confidants of the Muses, of monsters conquered and destroyed, of skilled bravery overruling brute force, of the new-born civilization, the beginnings of agriculture and all the arts of peace. Represented in person in the sculptures in the rounds

of the pediments, she appeared again although invisible, on the frieze in half relief, manifesting herself in the prowess of her favorites, in sowing fields by their hands, suppressing barbarism, promulgating laws, and bringing from the earth at once harvests and cities. But the goddess, after establishing her empire in the world, did not withdraw from her people, nor break her compact with them. She continued to guide her children, to load them with her benefits, and to favor them with her inspirations: by the holy magic of prayers and sacrifices, invisible, she descended from heaven, assisted in their celebrations, and inspired and consecrated their worship by her presence. The decoration of her sanctuary likewise would have been incomplete had not Phidias represented her fête on the frieze of the *cella*. The story of this frieze was not that of heroes working solely to extend her kingdom, but of an entire people, who in a religious communion of thought and act celebrated her glory, and offered their homage to her—likewise the second frieze in bas-relief, instead of being separated into

metopes representing detached subjects, was composed of parts closely in touch, the union of which formed—so to speak—one unbroken piece of sculpture. That grand scene was not going on in heaven, nor in the illusive world of heroic legend, but on earth, in the streets of Athens, in the very epoch when the great sculptor lived—and when he portrayed on that slab of marble the most ordinary and familiar episodes of everyday life, he meant to teach us that while the goddess vouchsafed her aid to Theseus in slaying the Centaurs, she regarded as equally worthy of notice two innocent, modest children, leading a victim to her altar. But note well, every masterpiece of classic or romantic art, whatever pedants may say to the contrary, is a world which has its horizon and its distances. But in Greek art, as in the landscape of Greece, distances are not enveloped in a grayish mist, which confuses their contours; they are bathed in a transparent vapor which at once makes them look far away, and yet brings out their forms with a celestial clearness. . . . And our frieze also has its luminous distances, whose wonders

reveal themselves to the attentive gaze. A religious fête—pay particular attention, Nanni—is more than a national rejoicing in honor of a god. When the ceremonies of her worship are celebrated, the divinity goes out from her sanctuary, to diffuse herself among her people ; she breathes into them her own spirit, she gives herself to them as nourishment, for some hours at a time they live from her own life, and are nurtured from her own soul. . . . I do not know who it was, but one of you drew our attention to the happy way in which Phidias brought out the marvellous lightness of his Barb horses by contrasting them with rams' heads, and the heavy movements of his oxen. But those horses themselves serve to display to advantage their riders—I myself believe that I recognize a certain harmony which testifies that they were raised in the same school. But the harmony does not exclude contrast. A happy union of force and beauty, a fiery but disciplined soul taking pleasure in obedience, joined to a delicious expression of gentleness and tenderness—these are the points which are brought out

in the heads of these horses. But the brows of their riders indicate still more—a mysterious breath has passed over them, and what the glorious impress left there means, we must find out from religion and the divinity herself. Some of those actors are entirely perfect, and even death itself can give them no more. Look at that man with the naked bust, who walks at the right of one of the bulls. His nudity is a symbol ; he has cast off the dust and darkness of earthly life with his clothing, and although his body remains among men, his soul has already rejoined the choirs of the blessed. In divers degrees, all these who are ready to serve at her altar, have felt the influence of divinity in their heart, and inmost being. Ah ! there is something grander here than the ease and joy which a passing forgetfulness of the troubles of life gives ; something grander also than the tumultuous and disorderly transports of the Bacchanals, and the prophetic furies of their orgies. These well-beloveds of the goddess Wisdom do not laugh, they do not even smile ; their perfect felicity is

serious ; there is no fever, no delirium about them ; they are grave, thoughtful ; the joy that wisdom gives ravishes the soul without troubling it. To portray them, I will borrow the words of Fènelon, describing the inhabitants of the Elysian fields. “ A pure and sweet light diffuses itself about the life of those just men, and covers them with its rays like a garment. It is more a celestial glory than a light ; it penetrates the life more subtly than the rays of the sun enter into the purest crystal ; it never dazzles—on the contrary, it strengthens the eyes, and carries into the soul’s depths a peculiar serenity ; from that alone are these blessed ones nourished ; it flows from them and into them again ; it enters into and is incorporated in them as our alimentary food into our own bodies. They see, they feel, they breathe it An indescribable divine influence runs unceasingly through their hearts like a torrent from the divinity herself, which unites them to each other ; together they sing the praises of the gods—and together they have but one

single voice, one single thought, one single heart ; one happiness controls these united souls.”

“ Ah ! my friends, believe me, no one has more admiration for Fra Angelico da Fiesole, and all the mystic paintings of the first renaissance, than myself, and I often stand in contemplation before those saints crowned with a nimbus of gold, who, with joined hands, and souls uplifted to the third heaven, taste the delights of an ineffable and sublime enchantment. But these mystic saints are in ecstasy, and the light which bathes their brow is an aureole. They are privileged beings, whom God favors with a beatific vision, and whose felicity—passing my understanding—makes me feel that I am a coarse, carnal man, incapable of taking part in such miraculous graces. On the contrary, when I study some fragment of the frieze of the Parthenon, or I succeed, as now, in bringing before my mind’s eye this immense work as a whole—whatever the sublimity may be—I am not overwhelmed ; deceived by one of those delicate subtleties familiar to the great Greek artists—in those magis-

trates, musicians, virgins, and youths, I do not see anything which confounds or humiliates me ; they are human beings like myself, living on the earth—everything about them is natural ; not hesitating to mingle among them, I take my place in the procession ; lost in the crowd, I also mount to the Acropolis :—but suddenly while considering more closely the footmen and riders who surround me, I find something strange in them and I soon recognize that while all seem to be occupied in preserving their rank in the procession, either tending the oxen destined for the sacrifice, or playing on lyres, or making their coursers prance, all possess in the depth of their soul that felicity which Fènelon has just described ; as different from ecstasy as from delirium—that celestial joy neither allows their thoughts to vacillate, nor plunges them into the inaction of idle reverie ; but exalting their soul without disturbing their minds, and running in waves into their veins, mingles with their blood, which it quickens, and rekindles with its ardor ; radiates on their brow, reveals itself in their slightest actions,

betrays itself in their movements, attitudes, gestures, in the mute language of their countenance, and exhaling from their whole body in subtle effluvia, which insinuates and penetrates everywhere, it diffuses, so to speak, into all hearts, the influence of the divinity from whom it emanates. Then surprised, beside myself, trembling with emotion, I adore that marvellous art of Greece which leads me to God without scattering my senses, or doing violence to my reason. I bless him that he has descended, even to me, and has adapted himself to my weakness that I might be transported by his magical enchantments to the abode of the blessed, and I bow with sacred veneration before the great sculptor who, in representing on the frieze of a temple the Panathenæan fête as it appeared to his inspired gaze, has graven in the marble the eternal poem of the divine life.'

“Night approached. From our height we saw through a clearing in the forest, Hymettus clad in glowing violet, on a background almost black. Toward the setting sun, above the gilded tops of the olive-

trees the sky was a beautiful emerald green, with rose-colored clouds floating through ; on a light breeze were brought to us the perfume of flowers and fruits, and we breathed in with full lungs the pure life-giving air of Attica, which expands the lungs and fortifies the heart

“ ‘ Oh sacred air ! ’ said the Abbot, who, his head bowed, seemed to dream—‘ air soft and light that the poets compared to the eternal dwelling-place, thou who playedst around the brow of the Graces, who made this their favorite abode, who didst pour enthusiasm into the hearts of Socrates and Phidias—thou, who at last, in due time, wast blest with the religion of the cross, and who minglest something of the wisdom of Plato with the divine ecstasy of that religion, purify our hearts, revive our courage, teach us——’

“ At this moment the tremulous and nasal song of a passer-by made the Abbot tremble, and casting a startled look on us he stopped suddenly in the midst of his apostrophe.

“I approached, and giving him the breviary said—

“‘My dear Abbot, you who explain Phidias by Spinosa, and confound curiously in one and the same admiration, the mystic saints, Thalia, the youngest of the Graces, and *intellectual Love*, take your breviary that you dropped so imprudently.’

“He darted a furious look at me, for he hated to have the secrets of his soul known, and having dropped the unlucky book into one of his pockets, he put his hat on again with a disgruntled air, and drew it down over his eyes.

“Then the Marchioness said to him—

“‘M. Abbot, I beg of you—go on with your discourse! You do not know how intensely I am interested in what you are saying, and I wish the foolish song which disturbed your inspiration—a thousand miles away. Yes, blessed be the air that we breathe here, equally congenial to artists, and to the bees of Mt. Hymettus; would that it might revive the sacred fire in the soul of regenerated Greece! Would that Phidias again——’

“ ‘My lady,’ I interrupted, ‘I am not an orator, and consequently I will not descant on Barb horses—nor on the ideal—nor on music—nor joy, but if you approve of my paying my quota by proxy, I will challenge some one to explain why the genius of Phidias, and the Panathenæan displays should not appear again in this country, in spite of King Otho, and the beautiful turf of his royal wife, and the excellent air which we breathe here!’

“Thereupon I offered her my arm, and we walked towards the little church, which was on the other side of the Cephissus. The rest of the party followed, except the Abbot, who divining my intention—preferred to remain alone with his own thoughts. We entered the chapel; it was the first Greek church that the Marchioness had been willing to visit. The sun was declining, but enough remained with the light of some candles to perceive quite distinctly a large picture representing the crucifixion. You know the Byzantine Christ. From the time of St. Basil, the East decreed that the Saviour of the

world was ugly, and any attempt to beautify his image was at once condemned as sacrilege by the monks of Mount Athos.* Ugliness is sacred, beauty is a snare and a device of Satan. If indeed the Christ of Byzantium were only ugly and deformed! But in his emaciated, livid face, in the pale lips, in the dull eyes, in the leadish complexion there is something indescribable, which makes one shudder. This is not the tragic and sublime Christ of Catholicism, the Love crowned with thorns, who, in the agonies of death, opens his heart and arms, to the world which curses and crucifies him! It is a slightly gnostic Christ, who has never completely lived, and who—consequently—has never completely known death. In him the divine person is always held apart from the human : the divine has looked on sadly and seen the human suffer and die. It seems as if a kind of lugubrious fancy had impelled this heavenly Master to re clothe himself in a terrestrial body, a caprice of a surfeited God, worn

*For interesting accounts of this Mountain of the Monks, see *Stanley's Eastern Church*, and *Mural Painting* by *Frederick Crowninshield*.

out and disgusted with everything, renouncing everything that he had done—and who makes one last effort to dissipate his intense ennui, and to revive the sentiment of existence in himself. Useless and vain attempt! After musing awhile under the palms of Judea, from the height of the cross, the nails of which—penetrating into his flesh, excited only a kind of vague, confused sensation, he has thrown on the world one last look of supreme melancholy, and closing his eyes again, has withdrawn into the weariness of his incurable sleep!

“The sight of this picture pained the Marchioness; she turned away at once, and attempted to leave the church. But I detained her.

“‘That mournful phantom is not the Master of the house,’ I said. ‘Come pay your homage to the Queen of the Orient!’ And leading her before an image of the Virgin, I pointed with my finger to the sad, and at the same time threatening face—for which, they tell us—the Empress Helena had the honor of being the model—with those large subdued eyes, that

narrow, tapering nose, of immoderate length, the pinched mouth, pointed chin, the morose face breathing of fasting and penance, added to all an imperious, haughty air, a severe, inexorable brow, lips closely drawn together, ready to shoot forth anathema, or the arrogant word of command.

“The Marchioness gazed with a sort of terror at the celestial empress of Byzantium, and I, stooping, whispered into her ear ‘O, tribune of the Pnyx! Shouts of the people at the theatre of Bacchus! Long talks of philosophers under the shadows of the Lyceum, and the Academy! Muse of Sophocles, and chisel of Phidias! Worship of beauty and the graces! Holy liberty of genius! Spirit of Attica! O, Panathenæans! Virgins clad in white veils! Conquerors crowned with olives! Wisdom and joy! Divine youth of the world! All is over—we will see you no more. Behold how you are replaced! Behold the terrible nightmare which hangs over Greece and the Orient! and skilful he who will chase from the hearts of these people that sorrowful and redoubtable sovereign!’

“ At this moment a priest of the Greek church, of doubtful cleanness, and with his hair bristling on end, approached us.

“ ‘ Behold Plato,’ I said to the Marchioness.

“ ‘ That is just my name,’ he said to me, with a silly smile. ‘ What can I do for you ? ’

CHAPTER VI.

“ ‘ You do not love Greece,’ said the Marchioness curtly to me when we had left the church. ‘ How can you despair of a people who, to say the least, within the last twenty years have created for themselves the most beautiful language in Europe ? You have mocked at this poor priest and while you were talking with him, I was busy comparing your short and harsh words with the delicious grace of his language.’

“ ‘ *I* do not love Greece !’ I exclaimed indignantly. ‘ Ah ! my lady—you do me great wrong ! Do you know that I have always borne this unfortunate and heroic country on my heart, and that I am even

more interested since I have trodden her soil. I admire the domestic virtues of her people, their marvellous intelligence, as ready as it is pliant—their patriotism which might serve as a model for every nation ; I also admire their faith in her destinies ; but my lady, I hold that her future is at the cost of one of those great revolutions of conscience, which after all, are the only veritable events of history : and I am on the alert for the least indication of that revolution. I search the horizon for its first forerunners ; I await above all, the voice which said to Lazarus, “ Arise and walk.”’

“I could not carry out my thought ; Nanni had placed himself on my right, and forthwith, the Marchioness, dropping my arm, walked on before us rapidly. At the garden gate she turned and called out to the Doctor :

“ ‘ We will take supper here, Doctor ; have the table spread in the arbor.’

“ ‘ Take supper in this Greek cook-shop ! ’ cried his lordship, appalled. ‘ Think of it, my lady ! for

once, that is pushing the love of local truth too far, and to speak frankly, salt fish, a few olives, and a slice of *Khalva* are not at all to my taste.'

“ ‘Your lordship is always busying himself with details,’ the Marchioness replied—a little annoyed.

“ ‘Details—my lady, you speak very much at your ease. I myself discovered long ago that life is composed only of details.’ But the Marchioness, not taking the trouble to reply, darted into the garden, as we thought, to join the Abbot, so no one followed her, for she was sometimes seized with a fancy for speculative tête-a-têtes with the great man.

“The uncle was horrified: he could hardly think of the meagre supper he was going to make, without a shudder; but he was soon reassured, for in a few moments one of the servants of the Marchioness appeared, and two Albanians with him carrying a large basket from which they took cold chickens, a venison pie, ham, and a basket of bottled wine.

“The Doctor, without delay, superintended the table. It was a duty which he willingly assumed.

Whilst this was being done I took his lordship by the arm, and we walked up and down a platform which extended between the café and the Cephissus. I confided to him my project of pleading this very evening, during supper, the cause of Count ——, and I guaranteed that I would succeed. He shook his head with an incredulous air, and replied that I did not know his niece, that it was not easy to reason her out of her caprices, that she seemed more than ever absorbed in Phidias, which was especially apparent in the expression of happiness that had come over her countenance during her conversation with Nanni. I replied that he didn't understand women at all, and to increase his confidence in my powers, I recounted to him the miraculous cure of the dowager and her canary. Then we returned to the arbor, where the Chevalier was skirmishing with Nanni and his golden lyres; he had been visibly annoyed by the evident pleasure which the Marchioness had shown in the theories of the young artist, and had taken refuge as usual in raillery. But Nanni did not seem to pay any

attention to him ; his thoughts and soul were elsewhere, and there was a strange, exalted expression on his countenance. Evidently his heart had been almost intoxicated with delight by the look of the Marchioness. ‘Terrible will be the awakening,’ I said to myself, looking at him, and I pitied him from the depths of my soul ; but I did myself the justice to believe that I had done my best to disabuse him—why had he repelled me with such hauteur ?

“The preparations for supper were ended. The *cafedje*,* who, besides lights, tablecloth and napkins, furnished the bread, olives, anchovies in oil, lemons, and the fruit for dessert, brought in a large bouquet of flowers, which he placed in the centre of the table, and taking off his red fez, the blue tassel of which fell half way down his back, he said, bowing low : *Ta panta inai epi tis trapezis* which about signifies *the gentlemen are served*. But the two wanderers had not returned ; the Doctor and my lord, losing patience, went to look for them in the garden, but they beat

*Inn-keeper.

about among the bushes with no success. The garden was empty. Where could the Marchioness have gone? A whole hour slipped away; night came on rapidly; his lordship exhausted himself with conjectures, and after running all around in the neighborhood of the café—came back, and seating himself beside me, with his eye fixed sadly on the lanterns hung on both sides of the arbor, he began to grumble at the Abbot.

“ ‘ This devil of a man,’ said he, ‘ is capable of having carried off my niece to Eleusis. They had formed a plan of passing some days there, and you will see that they could not wait until to-morrow to be initiated into the mysteries. Although he may not think so, I say plague take the Abbots who care nothing for their supper, and who run the fields whilst their plates are wearied waiting for them!’

“ Nanni also was restless, and standing at the entrance of the arbor, his eyes wandered around anxiously, and he trembled at the slightest noise.

“ At last the Marchioness appeared: there was a curious air about her, and I believed that I could read

on her countenance the calm expression of a strong soul that has just made some grand resolve.

“ ‘Well! really, my lady,’ cried milord, ‘will you have the goodness to tell us where you have been? I thought that you had departed for Eleusis.’

“ ‘Indeed, milord, there is no need to go so far for mysteries; all is mystery in this world, even the soul of a Marchioness.’

“ ‘And the Abbot?’

“ ‘I have not seen him’—she said; ‘apparently he is pursuing on the banks of the Cephissus, the solution of some metaphysical problem. Let us be seated; you know he only eats for politeness, and he will be delighted if we do not wait.’

“ ‘We were just through with the first course when the Abbot appeared to speak for himself.

“ ‘Bless you for coming, M. Abbot,’ said the Marchioness, in making room for him to be seated by her—‘I have been waiting patiently for you to exorcise me. A bad spirit has come into me, and be-

hold, I am not only deserted by divine joy, but one of the elementary graces—gaiety—has left me.’

“‘I am not your physician, my lady,’ replied the Abbot, with an ironic smile. ‘Address yourself to the one among us who is responsible for your health before God and man!’

“‘The Doctor,’ said she, in a tone of pity. ‘Just at this moment the poor man only thinks of his supper. And besides is there anything in common between him and me? His is one of those tranquil hearts that aroused your indignation an hour ago. He was born tranquil. The air of Greece keeps him tranquil, and if he consents to neglect his plate for one instant, it will be to entertain me with his insupportable Bochart, or his lost vocation of wandering knight, or about his Numidians and his great Caramoussal.’

“‘The Caramoussal would not be much out of place here,’ the Doctor said, deferring an attack upon a slice of hare-pie which he was meditating—‘as, my lady, you seem to be entirely like that unfortunate

Mousseline la Sérieuse;* who lost the faculty for laughing—and who—traveling in her gilded palanquin—’

“ ‘That palanquin,’ she interrupted, ‘what do I care about it, if all its panels were mounted in gold, why should I care a straw about that? I am ill—seriously ill—and I will be grateful to any physician who can cure me.’

“ ‘You astonish me, lady,’ said I; ‘a moment ago you were full of joy and happiness. Is this the result of two minutes’ gaze at the Byzantine virgin?’

“ ‘I entreat you not to think it was the first time I had seen her,’ she said. ‘She has often appeared to me in my dreams, and I had no trouble at all, in recognizing her at once, just as that air on the flute that milord played recalled immediately that odious and wretched melody which torments my ears, accustomed to celestial concerts.’

“ ‘This is very serious,’ said the Doctor, pouring

*Stories of Hamilton.

out a glass of Santorin wine ; ‘ describe the symptoms of your disease, and we will consult.’

“ ‘ The symptoms of her disease, describe them who can ? ’ said milord, who had by this time taken the edge from his appetite. ‘ But the cause—the principle of this disease—I will undertake to tell you about. I might as well do it, for grand discourses are the order of the day ; everyone here has had a turn, and I might as well have mine. The malady of my beautiful niece . . . it consists in having come to this foolish land whose air as say the poets and the abbots—so pure—so light—goes right to the brain, and disturbs the most well-balanced minds ! There are none of you whose health is not upset in this ugly, dusty plain. . . . None of you are what you were, my friends ; you are all somewhat out of balance, and if you wish to preserve the grain of reason left from contagion, leave here to-morrow, and beware of turning back. But look at some of the unworthy follies into which you, sensible people as you are, have fallen ! Here is M. the Chevalier, whose gifts

demanded a brilliant diplomatic career, but who, refusing every opportunity for advancement, obstinately rests glued fast in a wicked little place like this, and consecrates his entire genius to teaching his horse Greek music! Here is a young man (pointing to Nanni) who by nature is a good reasonable child—the proof of it is in what he has told us of the ideal—and meanwhile, here he is putting all his ambition into becoming a golden lyre, that he may have the bliss of repeating the harmonies of the universe, and all that troubles the poor boy is to know whether he shall repeat them in *sol* major, or *si* minor.’

“‘There is M. the Abbot, his cassock and the natural gravity of his disposition should protect him from all kinds of extravagance—well, even this grave and reverend person has discovered the whole catechism in a fragment of marble, and he invokes the *ether*, as otherwise he would call upon the Eternal Father! In short, even the Doctor, man of good sense as he generally is, even he begins to warm up his imagination, to declaim, to manufacture phrases,

and to bring forth conceited ecstasies pitiful to listen to! To conclude, here you have four estimable men of principle and honor who—in one single day—have racked their brains in making four discourses on the subject of an unfortunate horse, to whom—I repeat it—two hind legs are wanting, which to my mind is a capital defect in a horse. This horse that you are preaching about so much, I myself have taken occasion to praise: I have remarked that he was a horse of stone, who did indeed strongly resemble a living horse, and I am still the first to declare—although I complain of him as the cause of the garrulities that have been inflicted on me to-day, that this Phidias was a man of great gifts; this certainly appears in that little decoration which he made for the amusement of the Athenians.

““ Yes, I delight in the fine arts as much as any one. There is a certain Virgin by Raphael that seems to me perfect, and a good landscape—or better still—a good portrait of a person that I love, either gives me great pleasure. In the evening a pretty sonata—

not too long—or what is more to my taste—a pretty polka, a good dancing tune, seems to me altogether fitting to charm away the fatigues of digestion. A drama of Shakspeare well played, or better, a pretty vaudeville with well sung couplets, seems as good a recreation as one need want, and I often find myself humming songs when I am happy. But good sense is more to me than all the sonatas and vaudevilles in the world; I hate exaggeration of any kind: I detest apostrophes, swoonings, rolling of the eyes, and all the grimaces that furious dilettanti make; I have a horror of ecstasy, chimera and bombast; art being an amusement, I am indignant when people make it a business. I curse the followers of Ictinus and of Phidias who upset your brains, and to whom I owe it that I have already passed more than nine months in a very tiresome little city, where there is enough sunshine and dust swallowed to kill you. I curse this sacred air light as the ether, if it has scattered your wits, and I send to all the devils the horses who understand music, dancing girls who dance with

the head and feet at the same time, golden lyres, winged guitars, columns of thirty-five feet, which mount to the sky, infinite desires, the poem on the divine joy, the light which is incorporated into the blessed, and all the other rigmaroles and burlesques that have chased from my beautiful niece's brain what little good sense nature had given her, and which would, God forgive me, end by bewitching me too if I were not careful !'

"At these" words, milord took his flute, and putting it to his lips, prepared to play, but the Marquise by a gesture, and such a pathetic look, implored his mercy, that he excused her from his concert.

"'Lady,' he said, 'the music would exorcise you, you and your friends: but since it disturbs your nerves, I consent to spare you. Only I forewarn you, the first time that I am inflicted with interminable discussions on the ideal and the fine arts, I will use this pretty little instrument without scruple to protect my ears and me from insult !'

"'Ah, milord !' cried the Doctor, 'you are too

brutal a physician, and your remedies would only serve to increase the disease of our dear Mouseline la Sérieuse, whose cure seems doubtful, since your ill tempered attack has not succeeded in enlivening her.'

“ ‘Would to Heaven!’ said the Marchioness, in a sorrowful tone—‘Would to Heaven that my uncle were right, and that I might have been as crazy as he believes! But do you know what has happened to me? I believed myself endowed with a mental elevation which unhappily has been refused me. I did not come into the world like a certain heroine of Shakspeare, at the moment when a star danced in the sky. The conjunction which presided at my birth condemned me to be a very ordinary, kind-hearted little woman, and devoted me by divine decree to tittle-tattle, frivolities, fineries, to all the common-places of sentiment, and the bores of conventionality that are called the pleasures of high life. Unfortunately not realizing that I have been decreed to their lower vocation, I have believed myself very superior to my destiny; I

have resolved, cost what it might, to indulge my noble aspirations, and have striven so hard that I have succeeded in deceiving myself—strictly speaking one can do anything that one undertakes to do. At times, I inflated my little soul to the degree that it seemed to me the largest soul in the universe, just as in my gardening I have had exotic plants forced in hot-houses, on account of my intense love for their fragrance.’

“‘Has not the Queen of Greece succeeded in having a lawn?*

It cost her an immense outlay, it is true, and I assure you that the cost of establishing and maintaining my small works in horticulture, has been no inconsiderable sum. The happiness that I dreamed of was an enthusiasm without intermission, a beautiful continuous fever, a life consecrated to a cult of the grandest things, and in which the noble sentiments that they inspire would occupy my soul exclusively. Alas, there it was that my bad star

*Queen Amelia, the wife of King Otho, worked untiringly to plant trees and produce a fine lawn in the Royal Gardens; she was her own landscape gardener. Irrigation was the great expense.

awaited me. I have never tasted a joy, since I can remember, for which I have not paid dearly—and every time that I have indulged myself in the delights of admiration, my evil genius has condemned my poor noble soul to long hours of barrenness and disgust. When I was little I never could go to a ball without bringing back with me a headache. I did not give up going on that account, but none the less I had to repent the next day. And so my dear friends—in the world of the ideal,—I have never entered into its passing joys, without expiating them by a kind of aching of the heart and such cruel torments as I trust you will never experience. I have some character, I am obstinate, and really after arriving in this country I believed for a time that I had charmed away my bad star, to such an elevation had the marvels of ancient art lifted my soul. Alas! suffering increased in proportion to pleasure. You have known nothing of all this, so carefully I have concealed what was passing within me. It was a wager that my vanity was at stake in sustaining. But to-day you have given me

such a surfeit of enthusiasm, that my heart is on my lips—and I can no longer keep my secret from you. Know, then, my dear friends, that owing to the temperament that God has given me, after having raved so enthusiastically over this statue of Phidias, I was seized suddenly with a wretched feeling of weariness, and bitter disgust for things in general. In this condition when I attempted to recall to remembrance the masterpiece which had charmed me, all I could see was a ridiculous caricature; life itself appeared like the grim and frightful countenance of a fury, who threatened me with her vengeance, and quite recently I was so vexed by the annoyances that art had caused me, that I took peculiar delight in seeing Ugly tear up with his beautiful teeth the superb copy that Nanni had made of that blessed work whose marvellous beauty the Abbot so recently described. Don't believe again, my friends, that when I have been playing a symphony from Mozart or Haydn, I have felt my wings growing: oftener when I closed the piano I would hear resounding in my ears notes of

some wretched little air, something like the miserable tune that milord regaled us with on his flute. Finally, if I must tell you all—I did indeed take infinite delight in hearing your different talks on the horse; but at the very moment when I looked for it the least, a profound melancholy seized me, and just now in a retired corner of the garden where you could not find me, I found my soul in the most disordered, deserted condition, just as a ball-room looks the morning after a fête, with its faded decorations and withered garlands, and I compared my thoughts to the Pierrots and Columbines, who coming from a masked ball early in the morning with faded complexions, heavy eyelids, exhausted and hoarse with dust, stare stupidly at the first rays of the sun, which mocks at their foolish appearance and trappings.’

“Whilst the Marchioness was speaking, several times I darted a triumphant glance at my lord, which seemed to say, ‘What do you think now of my discernment?’ I don’t know that he paid much attention to me for he was busy finding out what the

Marchioness was driving at, and he was just coming to the point of what she meant when, fearing that he would upset everything by his awkwardness, I hastened to take up the thread, and launched forth a skilful and eloquent harangue, which could not fail to produce a striking effect. I spoke as a man of experience of life, its happiness, illusions, deceptions, and of the art of consoling one's self, and I finished by saying, 'Your sufferings, my lady, do you honor; you are one of those perfect souls who have need of contrasts in life, and who—like lovers—possess two opposite poles. You love art passionately, and you are right, but it has no right to all your thoughts and your whole existence; you are perhaps unusually susceptible of enthusiasm, but do you not recognize that enthusiasm like all excessive sentiment, is of short duration, and that after having experienced strong emotions, the heart imperiously demands repose? Your mistake then, is not in not being able to keep up this extraordinary condition of ecstasy, which, of necessity, is passing and fugitive, but in wishing to force nature to

maintain this condition, and in not knowing that everything has its due place in your life. Lady, I love fairy tales quite as well as our friend the Doctor, and if you will allow me to quote one in which there is neither a Caramoussal nor a Facardin, let me recall the wonderful tale of the *Awakened Sleeper*, that I admire almost as much as the *Iliad*, or a bas-relief of Phidias.'

“‘ You remember Abou-Hassan’s feelings when, after he had been transported sound asleep to the palace of Haroun al-Raschid, on being awakened at early dawn in his grand bed of red brocade, studded with pearls and diamonds, he found at his bedside a caliph’s cap, and saw the emirs, the court officers, and the Grand Vizier himself, in their official coats, bending the knee, their foreheads touching the carpet, doing homage to him as the Commander of the Faithful, and the vicar of the Master of two worlds, whilst the young ladies of the palace gave him their morning greeting with a concert of sweet flutes, haut-boys and lutes. At first, dear lady, Abou Hassan found it

difficult to receive all this homage ; but at length conquered by the positive declarations of the ministers and courtiers who surrounded him, all of whom yielded him the august title of Caliph, he decided to accept his new rôle of Commander of the Faithful, and followed by all his court, he passed with a majestic air into a magnificent *salon*, lighted by seven golden candle-sticks, with seven branches, in which were grouped around a table covered with seven golden dishes, seven bands of musicians, vieing with each other in beauty. Seated on a throne there he enjoyed an exquisite repast served by Neck-of-Alabaster, Mouth-of-Coral, Brightness of the Sun, Pleasure of the eyes, Delights-of-the-Heart, and Sugar-Cane ; then when he had fully satisfied his appetite, he moved on to another room, still more magnificent, where he was entertained by Chain-of-Hearts and Torment-of-the-Soul ; he passed on still farther, until having entered an apartment whose splendor effaced all the rest, in which all the riches of the earth were displayed for the eyes' delight, intoxicated with the incense

which perfumed the air, drinking a delicious wine out of a golden cup, filled by the smiling Star-of-the-Morning, he was veritably lost in a trance, by the song which the adorable Bouquet-of-Pearls sang to him, with a lute accompaniment. But just at the moment, when he was satiated with delight, a small narcotic powder that the true Haroun-al-Raschid caused to be thrown into his cup, suddenly throw him into a deep sleep, during which he was stripped of his royal garments, and this Caliph of a day, became Abou Hassan again, and was transported to his humble dwelling, which, for his own happiness, it would have been better that he never had left. You know what happened when he awoke, and how in a transport of fury he shouted : “ Bouquet-of-Pearls, Star-of-the-Morning, Coral-Mouth, come to me.” No one responded to his call except his poor old mother, who could not be of any use to him. Now, my lady, if on leaving the Caliph’s palace, and his borrowed rôle of Commander of the Faithful, the poor Abou Hassan had wakened in a pretty home dear to his heart, decorated by the

hands of Love ; where instead of hangings of brocade and golden candlesticks, he could have found gew-gaws and baubles to every one of which sweet and tender thoughts and recollections were attached — if, instead of the Grand-Vizier Giafar bowing his head to the ground, and presenting his salaams, he could have heard a caressing voice call to him, “Abou Hassan, you have been absent a long time ; my dear soul, I have been waiting for you : I thank God who gives you back to me, my love” — if, finally, in the place of Torment-of-the Soul, and Bouquet-of-Pearls, a face less beautiful, it may be, but more loved, could have greeted his awakening with a smile that love alone inspired — Ah ! believe me, lady, Abou Hassan, under these circumstances, would have accepted his lot on waking from his dream, without difficulty — Abou Hassan would have consented readily to be Caliph for only a day — willingly Abou Hassan would have returned to Abou Hassan again, and consequently would not have beaten his mother because she protested that he was neither the Commander of the Faithful nor the earthly

vicar of the Master of two worlds; he would not have attempted to box his neighbors' ears who had run in to protect the poor woman from his violence; he would not have been chained and handcuffed by them, and taken to the insane hospital, and finally he would not have received every day for three weeks fifty strokes with a cow-hide on his shoulders and back. This story, my lady, like all the Arabian tales, contains a profound moral, which I need not interpret. Therefore, I will content myself by saying to you that if I had the honor of being a Marchioness, endowed with a rich fancy, devoted to intellectual pleasures and the enjoyments of art, I would make sure that in returning from my excursions into the world of the ideal, and awakening from the divine musings of poetry, I should find myself in an agreeable dwelling place, where my imagination, rendered more delicate and sensitive by its flight into the seventh heaven, could find nothing to vex or offend. To this end, I should have a friend—not too much like myself—but who without having my own tastes, or the sublime reach of

my own intelligence, was yet a man of common sense and keen-witted—knowing thoroughly—not music, but the art of living, quite as valuable in its place as the other arts, and possessing that poetry of the heart, whose charm touches with beauty and radiates through all the petty details of life. I should want this friend to allow me the privilege of taking my flights heavenward at pleasure, that I might enjoy myself among the clouds ; I should require him to wait patiently for my return, ready to offer me a firm and devoted arm, and to keep my small winged feet—made to fly rather than walk—from being hurt by the stones of the wayside. Then in the hours when life no longer seemed like a virgin endued with the beauty of a statue of Phidias, that same friend, as a good, kind, agreeable companion, would fill all my need—who, in the intervals when I could not hear the harmonies of the golden lyres resound, would play me an air on the flageolet to drown the discordances of this lower world ; an air on the flageolet is comforting when the instrument is touched by skilful fingers, and by lips inspired by love. And so,

without renouncing the festive enjoyments of poetry and art, I would be reconciled, and become tolerant of life ; for know, my dear lady, that divine joy constitutes but half of the happiness here below ; tolerance makes up the rest. That is what I would have said if I had been the Marchioness, and I add that if I could have had my heart's desire, if I could have had the happiness of meeting such a friend, if I could have had the yet greater happiness of being loved to distraction—”

“ ‘ Oh ! for once, stop,’ said the Marchioness, arrogantly, ‘ why do you take the liberty of dictating to me ? I am astonished !’

“ ‘ Don’t scold this dear and worthy man, who is a thousand times right,’ said milord. ‘ Yes, dear niece, that is right ; he lives—this excellent friend—’

“ ‘ Do not speak to me of him,’ she interrupted shortly ; ‘ an *excellent* friend does not fly away for a trifle, as he has done—and above all—does not spend his time in pouting. That excellent friend is to-day in Paris, where he has entirely forgotten the existence of *his excellent* friend.’

“ ‘ My lady, do you not know as well as myself that the poor unfortunate man had no courage to go farther than Venice, that he is there now awaiting his destiny, and that he loves you more than ever. Ah! wait until I read you a touching letter that came only to-day from him.’

“ ‘ Gently,’ she replied, seizing the letter that milord was preparing to read aloud; ‘ if this love letter is so touching, it is a private affair, not to be handled publicly. I only hope that the tone is humble and submissive, and that the language is humble and penitent—for really, there is much to pardon.’

“ ‘ I do not believe that submission can be pushed farther than it already is,’ replied milord; ‘ I fancy that this poor Count is ready to go anywhere you wish; I believe him capable of resigning himself to the study of Mousa and Didomi, and at your slightest request, he too will undertake a discourse, and instead of beginning like sensible men, he will only open his mouth and cry out “ My lady, at the moment of beginning to celebrate ” or perhaps “ It is, my lady,

a very heavy task that you impose on my weakness.”’

“As he said these words, milord arose, approaching the Marchioness, who was at the head of the table, and bent one knee before her, saying in a pathetic tone—

“‘You know, dear lady, how I have always studied your happiness, how eagerly I have conformed my whole life to your least wish, how faithfully I have clung to you in good and bad fortune. In return for this devotion and affection, the sincerity of which you can never doubt, grant me one favor, the first perhaps that I have ever asked———’

“‘If your petition is reasonable,’ said she.

“‘Judge of that yourself,’ he replied. ‘I am overwhelmed with joy to see that you have come to a better state of feeling about our poor friend ; but I know your inconstancy, and I beg of you, before the wind has changed, either to dictate or write yourself some lines intended to calm the cutting grief of the poor exile, and to give him some hope of being allowed to return to you at an early day.’ The

Marchioness needed a great deal of coaxing, but milord entreated so urgently that she finally surrendered, and ordering the landlord to bring paper, ink and a pen, she dictated aloud the following note to milord :

“‘My dear Count: my friends, to please me have given to day some great talks on an equestrian group which I admire extremely ; but they have not been able to discover the reason of this caprice. Know that this cavalier, with his head thrown forward, and his bent posture, recalls to me the habitual pose of the head of an ingrate who abruptly left us to go and eat sherbet under the arcades of the palace of the Procurators. That resemblance seemed so striking, that it has made me waste my time at the Acropolis. As to the face, and it is so mutilated that I can picture it as I please, I have given it the features of an excellent but very sensitive man, who quarrels with his friends about trifles. Come back quickly to us, man always ready to take offence and easily angered. The society of the amiable Rosicrucians by whom I am surrounded can no longer make me happy. But

beware of studying Greek ; it has been learnedly explained to me that contrasts are necessary to happiness as to art, and that it is well for loving souls to have their negative pole. Be ready to pardon my follies, and bring back with you your prejudices, your ignorances—and above all your gaiety. In doing so you will bring back mine—which left with you.’

“After having dictated this note, the Marquise, taking the pen out of milord’s hands, placed her signature at the foot of the important document, and added a short postscript which milord had the indiscretion to allow me to read the next morning before mailing the letter. It ran thus :

“‘.In truth, can one pardon you for getting excited about our idea of the memorandum books? You are like a farmer who takes fright himself at the scarecrow rigged up in his own fields for keeping sparrows away. Furthermore, do you recall the saying of a wise man, that the great passions are above jealousy? In the future be more reasonable, or you will find yourself involved in a much more serious quarrel.’

“Whilst the Marchioness traced her words rapidly, the Chevalier, whose face for the last few moments had portrayed lively vexation, turned to the Doctor and said, in a low voice, ‘That woman has neither beginning nor end.’ But he had too much self-love to betray himself openly, and controlling his countenance, he hastened to congratulate the Marchioness on her act of clemency, which did great honor to her generosity. And of Nanni, what? From the instant the Marchioness had begun her confessions, no one saw the poor child’s face, for turning his back, and looking toward the entrance of the arbor he remained silent and motionless. Finally he arose abruptly and turned around. I trembled for him. His face was pale as death, his lips moved convulsively. I do not know what folly he was about to utter, but his eyes met the stern and threatening gaze of the Abbot fixed on him. This look gave him the courage to restrain himself, and making a supreme effort for self-control, he cried out with a bitter gaiety.

“ ‘As for me, my lady, I do not believe in a compromise. We must choose between the lyre and the flageolet; these two instruments do not harmouize any more than the poetic plane and the ordinary contentments of the vulgar. When one has had the glory of being caliph, even though for only twenty-four hours, one must live in the memory, and on the hope of regaining again so glorious a condition. They are only little souls that return so quickly to Abou Hassan. But if happiness alone is in the scale, let us chase away all ambition and seek peace and repose in the emotions of the soul—and in thought; for as the romance that I am about to have the honor of singing to you teaches, to know about happiness we must go to the ass and the crow.’

“At these words he ran out, and reappeared directly with a guitar in his hand, which he began to tune, and on which he played the accompaniment to the song that he was about to sing. The subject was not gay. It treated of three poor fools, the first of whom was a knight, the second a poet, and the

third a lover, who mounted on asses, meeting in the glade of a forest, at the foot of a high mountain, dismounted to recount their adventures. The knight had consecrated his sword to the cause of children and the oppressed, but the world had disregarded, despised, and loaded him with outrages, and he went off and took refuge on the top of a mountain to enjoy there, he said, converse with the tempests, ‘for the winds of heaven have a more tender heart than man.’ The poet, on his part, boasted that he had divined the secrets of the gods, who revenged themselves by diffusing into his spirit a pitiful madness; he had the coldness of death in his head, and like hot burning coals in his entrails, and he went away to the mountains to lie down upon his back until a mantle of snow and ice covering his chest should extinguish the fire which was consuming him. Then the lover said—

“ ‘ Brothers, I am even more unhappy than you. I wandered in the paths of life until one day Heaven discovered to me a treasure. That treasure was the heart of a woman.’ ”

“ ‘That heart was pure and resplendent as a diamond ; it was resplendent with a thousand fires which warmed my soul, and lightened the darkness of my thoughts.’

“ ‘ I remained immovable before her, and kneeling as a devotee in prayer, only asked that I might be permitted to look at her.’

“ ‘ One day, however, I became bolder ; I wished to seize this divine diamond and hold it in my hands, but scarcely had I touched it when it broke into a thousand pieces.’

“ ‘ And now I too am going off to the top of the mountain to see if, touching the firmament with my finger, I can reduce to powder all the planets and stars.’

“ ‘ And whilst these three fools spoke thus, the two asses cropped their thistles.

“ ‘ Good Heaven ! but we have been sorrowful souls, said all three of them : this world is a failure, one cannot move without finding trouble.’

“‘There is perhaps somewhere near some long grass, which is not dead—, and some lady asses beautiful as love.’

“‘But wait, this thistle is exquisite, and it is wisdom to swallow the thorns without choking.’

“‘An hour later the glade was empty, and the silence of the forest was only broken by two rough voices which came from a nest.’

“‘It was a crow and his mate ; it was a female crow and her spouse. They ate with equal appetite two big nuts, and eating, the male said :’

“‘We have always loved each other.’

“‘And we always will love each other,’ replied the wife.

“When Nanni had stopped singing, he remained standing, running his fingers by chance over the strings of the guitar, his eye excited, all ready to let the madness which boiled over in his soul fall from his lips. But the Abbot looking at him steadily, in a dry and severe tone, said :

“ ‘Nanni, your song has no common sense, and you do not understand anything of natural history. It is not from crows but from nightingales that eternal love is vaunted.’

“ ‘That brings us back to my theory,’ said I, ‘for out of every pair of nightingales, there is only one, the husband, who sings.’

“Nanni sat down again. For the second time the Abbot’s look had brought him back to himself and had dissipated the wicked intoxication of the fumes which troubled his brain. I stepped away for a moment to settle the proprietor’s bill; on my return I found all my grasshoppers conversing peaceably on the future of Greece. The moon had risen, and the lanterns were extinguished that we might enjoy her tender beams. Favored by that heavenly lamp, whose rays, piercing the foliage, glanced like diamonds around us, the Marchioness, seated at the end of the arbor, appeared to me like a graceful and charming phantom; the shadows of the leaves moved by the gentle sighing breeze, floated

over her white dress ; her magnificent hair, a little out of order, hung in long curls, which strayed over her right shoulder, and her slender, delicate neck swayed like a reed rocked by the wind. Nanni cast long stolen glances at her, in which lingered the sadness of an eternal farewell, whilst the Chevalier fastened his fawn colored eyes in anger on her pretty feet which were amusing themselves in teasing Ugly lying in front of her. Milord had a radiant and triumphant air, which it was a pleasure to see. The Doctor sneered and bantered, and smoked his inexhaustible narghilé, and the Abbot as usual, watching Nanni, uttered now and then a brief word, as a doctor does to a madman whom he seeks to hold in check. They talked with animation about Greece and her future, and meanwhile each one of them was pre-occupied with other thoughts ; but their hopes, their joys, their vexations, their desires, their griefs, were not revealed in tone or language. At moments the child would take up his guitar and play a few chords ; then they would begin to talk again. To the shrill voice of the Cheva-

lier, which never rose above the first note, and the flute like tones of the Marchioness, responded the joyous barytone of the Doctor, which rose from time to time above the coarse, smothered bass of the Abbot, and at intervals, like a rocket, a peal of sparkling laughter from poor Nanni, whose forced gaiety nearly broke my heart, rose on the air.

“Meanwhile, from the effects of the fumes of the Cyprus and Marsala wine, which I can never resist, a sort of stupidity akin to sleep crept slowly over me, and closing my eyes, I fell into a vague reverie, which filled my brain with odd and incoherent visions. I saw first the procession of the Panathenæa defiling before me, until suddenly the Panagia appearing in the air, the virgins, musicians, and the Apollos crowned with olives, paled, were effaced, and vanished into space, and a voice resounded which said: ‘The god Pan is dead.’ Just after, a satyr with pointed ears approached me and said, sneeringly, ‘Pan is not dead, he is only sleeping, and when he is awakened, it will be done by the Panagia.’

“Then I saw nothing more, save Nanni prostrate at the feet of the Marchioness, who chased him from her presence by an imperious and contemptuous gesture. Suddenly the caryatides that I had contemplated in the morning at the Erechtheum came between the Marchioness and Nanni, and extending her arms to the child, said: ‘I alone am worthy of thy love; come to me, and I will console thee.’

“At this moment I opened my eyes, and saw two steps from me the Marchioness and my lord looking at me curiously, whilst farther away the Doctor directed the attention of the Chevalier and the Abbot to me, and they all seemed amused at my expense.

“‘Well, you are polite,’ said the Marchioness, ‘and it is gratifying to see how well you use your conversational powers to entertain a poor woman who has the blues.’

“‘Whilst you were asleep we finished our task,’ said the Doctor. ‘We have just arrived at the mathematical solution of the problem of the regeneration of Greece.’

“ ‘That is all right,’ I said, casting my eyes around, ‘ but where is the child ? ’

“ ‘ He left, after putting you in your present plight.’ Then I discovered that I had a crown of olive leaves on my head, and in each hand I held one of the pieces of milord’s flute.

“ As I was about to award the crown to the winner, she said, ‘ Nanni declared his intention of withdrawing from the contest, and begged me to transfer to him instead the duty of selecting the conqueror. I consented, and immediately he crowned you, insisting that by doing so he was interpreting my sentiments, and that although you had said nothing about the horse, you were of all the orators of the day, the one to whom I was most indebted, for you had taught me the theory of the moderation of the soul and of happiness. Then seizing milord’s flute, he broke it in two, and putting a piece in each of your hands, said : “ Honor to him whose wisdom succeeded in triumphing over all the inharmonies of life, and may this flute be the sign and trophy of his victory.” Then inquir-

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foolish allusions of the child, and the anger of the Marchioness ; the part that I had taken and the insidious cleverness of my discourse. How can I describe it to you ? After my stupefying sleep, the fumes of the wine excited me excessively, and my praise of myself was inexhaustible. The Abbot did not make me any reply, only murmuring under his breath once in a while : ‘ That was admirable ! astonishing ! What a skilful man ! ’ At the close, his ironical exclamations provoked me, and I said abruptly, ‘ What do you mean ? you mysterious man ! Is this the time for you to ridicule those who have undertaken to attend to your business ? For you are at least a little responsible for the condition of the soul and happiness of the beautiful Marchioness ; but from the height of the clouds in which you live, you do not deign to let a single glance fall on the miserable interests that struggle here below.’ . . .

“ He began to smile slightly, and taking my arm, said, in an abrupt tone :

“ “ My dear sir, if I amuse myself a little with you and your skilful powders, I take you to be an extremely sensible man, and I am not afraid to trust to your discretion the short history that I am about to confide to you. . . . You cannot possibly be angry with me for confirming you by this confidence in your estimate of your own sagacity. You know that on leaving the chapel the Marchioness came to look for me in the garden, where I was quite alone, astride my clouds ; when I saw her coming I went to meet her, and when she was within two steps of me, I said, looking steadily in her eyes :

“ “ “ You love him, my lady; your own looks have just betrayed you.” She turned pale, and dropping her eyes, replied, smiling sadly :

“ “ “ Until to-day I believed that I had the heart of a grandmother. . . . And yet sometimes there was a confused sense of the danger which threatened me. Those irritable moods that you have reproved me for, those rudenesses that I indulged in to the poor child— . . . and will you believe it ?

what I was searching for this morning in the Acropolis, was a vague resemblance to a friend that I begged to aid me in conquering my folly. But calmness soon returned to my soul. I laughed at my imaginary terrors. . . . I tell you on my conscience, father, it is so: while looking at him I cannot tell you what has been going on in my heart. . . . Yes, now I recognize that the danger is serious. Do not scold me father,—but help me by your advice.”

““ For a long time,” I said, “I have observed carefully what has been going on within you; if I did not warn you sooner, it was because you would have said that I was dreaming, and I am not fond of wasting words.”’

““ Thereupon we began to wander through the garden paths, and you will readily know, you—so subtle—so penetrating, which way our conversation turned, when I tell you that twenty minutes later the Marchioness said, sighing heavily:

““ Yes, you are right, it is not worth while to

think about it any longer; it would be a romance complicated with treachery.”

“Just at this moment we saw that you were searching for us, and we took refuge in a small pavilion at the end of the garden, where no one suspected that we would be. We stayed there a long time, talking in a low voice, and the Marchioness concluded by saying :

““So, father, you are for violent remedies : To bring back the friend as soon as possible, whilst he———”

““I know him,” I replied; “trying to prepare him will irritate his condition; strong souls are better supported under heavy blows, because they judge them to be more worthy of their courage—And you also, my lady, you are a strong soul; violent treatment agrees with you.”

““My strength,” she said, taking my hands between hers, “comes from what you yourself have taught me about not believing in the fatality of the passions.”

““Passions of the head, above all,” I said, smiling.

““We looked at each other for a few moments; then she replied :

““What you have said to-day has done me good ; I feel unusual courage in my heart ; it must be put to good use. Perhaps to-morrow I should not be capable of the great effort that you impose on me. But leave me here for a few moments, to my own reflections, and walk around the pavilion—only let me hear the sound of your footsteps.”

““And now, my very dear friend, is there any need to tell you anything further, and does not this little recital prove to you sufficiently that I am a man of the Moon, and an ugly egotist, and that you—you are a philanthropist, as clever in your expedients, as you are sagacious in your conjectures ?”

“Thereupon just as we entered the city, this devil of a man made me a profound reverence, and going through a little street disappeared directly from my sight. I was stunned, I confess, and somewhat

mortified by the little revelation that he had just made.

“ ‘Bah!’ I said to myself, at last; ‘I shall have none the less credit with milord for the honor of this adventure!’

“ Then tapping my brow—

“ ‘Ah! one thing is left, there is one thing that I can do, I will go and console the poor child! No one can possibly think just at this moment of robbing me of the glory of that good action.’

“ I moved on toward the district in which Nanni lodged, and from a distance raising my eyes to the window of his room, I saw a light there. I approached the entrance, but some one from the opposite direction, grazing the walls to gain time, arrived at the door before me, and then turning around, cried out to me in a rough voice,

“ ‘What are you coming here for?’

“ It was the Abbot, as you may imagine, who, without waiting for a reply, mounted the staircase rapidly. I followed him, and entering without knocking,

we found Nanni busy packing his trunks. He appeared not to see me, but advancing with a wavering step to meet the Abbot, he threw himself into his arms, and burst into tears.

“The Abbot seated himself in an arm-chair; the child kneeled before him, his head resting on his knees, and let his poor heart relieve itself in long sobs. I wanted to draw nearer, but the Abbot with an imperious gesture prevented me. He remained some moments in perfect silence, rolling Nanni’s long golden ringlets around his finger. Then he began to speak in such a low tone that I could not understand a word. Standing before a round table to pass away the time, I began to examine a portrait in enamel that was just under my hand. This portrait, which was not unknown to me, had for a long time suggested the idea that Nanni had left a *fiancée* in Venice, and certain embarrassed explanations of his had gone far to confirm me in my conjecture; there could be nothing more fresh, more graceful, more deliciously poetic than the beautiful child painted on that enamel. A

maidenly candor rested on her finely shaped brow, and her large chestnut eyes had rather a pensive look, which seemed to say: 'study me, I am worth the trouble.'

"The Abbot made a sign to me to bring the portrait to him ; I did so and then seated myself at the end of the room. I remarked that he made several efforts to put the picture to Nanni's lips. Twice I saw the poor boy turn away his head, but the third time he did not draw back, and his lips touched the enamel. Meanwhile the Abbot continued to converse with him in a low tone. What could he be saying? What language was there that could console such despair? One thing is certain, that at the very moment that a neighboring clock struck two, Nanni raised his head, and on this countenance flooded with tears, I believed that I could perceive—O miracle—something approaching the first aurora of a smile! Then darting forward, I said—'Pardon me, strange Abbot! What in the world have you said to console that child? Have you quoted Spinoza or the Gospel to

him? Have you spoken to him of the Panathenæan Virgin, or of her whom we adore at Rome?

“He looked at me with an ironical air:

“‘What concern is that of yours,’ he said, coldly, ‘and why pray are you troubling yourself about it?’

“Then changing his mind, he said, fixing his eagle or lion-like eyes on me:

“‘Since we have been told that we can only speak to-day of horses, I extolled the lot of those noble coursers, consecrated to the altar—who grazed freely in the enclosure of the temple—and by the pride of their bearing seemed to say:—

‘A god alone is our master!’

(THE END)

APPENDIX.

The Ionic frieze is well suited to the representation of a long train of moving figures, and it was natural that the artist employed to decorate the frieze of the Parthenon should choose as his subject the most magnificent and beautiful of the many splendid groups of which Athens boasted—*The Great Panathenaic Procession*. * * * * * It seems probable that a Panathenaic festival was held every year, on the third day before the end of the month Hecatombaion (towards the middle of August); but that the great Panathenaics * * * * were celebrated in the third year of every Olympiad. It was on the 28th of Hecatombaion, the *great* day of this more splendid celebration, that the new crocus-colored *Peplos* was solemnly carried to the temple of Athênê Polias, and presented to the goddess Athênê. This magnificent robe, on which *the Battle of the Gods and Giants* was embroidered by Athenian women and maidens, was *fixed to the mast of a ship with wheels* * * * * The only existing copy of this ship may be seen in the frieze of the small metropolitan church in Athens called the *Panagia Gargopico*.—*Perry's Greek and Roman Sculpture*.

